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MILF

IT DOES A BODY GOOD!



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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



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KEY LETTERS

➤ SALUTATIONS



MILF—it does a body good. Don't you think? The readers of *Penthouse Letters* would agree that there's something to be said for older and wiser women—and when you add in the plentiful curves of sex-starved cougars and magnificent MILFs, you have a recipe for ultimate satisfaction!

This issue's reader letters star those undeniably erotic dames: ladies who are eager to share their years of experience—and their bodies. From your best friend's hot mom to the stunning cougar spotted on vacation, they're all here and spilling their dirtiest confessions. We've even compiled a special Girl Meets Girl section, showing what happens when bi-curious women step out for some sexy young strange of the female variety.

This month, you'll also find My Most Unforgettable Lay, in which a college boy recounts his special Spring Break spent in the bed of a voracious cougar with lust on her mind. While Sommer Marsden's erotica story, "More Than a Mojito," reveals a horny 45-year-old's reaction to being pursued—and captured—by a soft-spoken boy half her age who has a few kinky tricks up his sleeve.

Enjoy a sizzling springtime vacation with our torrid tales. Dive right in—the pages are fine!

—The Editors

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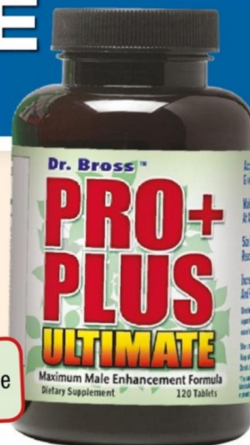
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LETTERS

➤ MILF

■ CHUCK'S MOM

You're supposed to grow out of those kid crushes on your friend's hot mom. It's a harmless, youthful obsession, right? At worst it'll piss off whichever of your buddies has the sexiest mother. In our boyhood group, it was Chuck's mom, Mrs. R.

At 22, I still hadn't gotten over her. I would have jumped into bed with her given half a chance. And it seemed that opportunity was on the horizon.

Chuck and I had stayed in touch into adulthood. I had a job where I traveled a lot, and I was going to be back in my hometown for the weekend. Chuck suggested dinner and drinks. He also wanted me to stay over at his old family residence, where he was still living in a separate unit on the property.

We met at the airport, all grins and back slaps. We went straight to a restaurant, laughing and carrying on. Despite still living at home, he was doing quite well, working as a broker.

Over drinks after the meal, he opened up more. "Since my parents' divorce, I didn't want my mom living alone. So I stay in that cottage out back and keep her company."

"Was it a bad breakup?" I remembered Chuck's father being something of a prick.

"Are breakups ever good?" Chuck laughed a little bitterly, then we got back to talking over old times.

Finally, we went back to his place. "You want to say hi to her?" He nodded toward the house.

I tried not to say "yes" too enthusiastically. Ever since this trip came up, I'd been broiling with dreams about Janet. She had appeared ridiculously hot when I was young. In her late 30s, she had oozed with sexuality. Her body seemed perfect, especially when she took everybody to the beach and she wore a gloriously skimpy swimsuit.

Chuck took me inside, and she came into the room when he called.

My jaw actually dropped when I saw her. Part of it was the long anticipation of seeing her again, but the rest was because she was still damn hot. Nearing 50 now, she had maintained a taut feminine shape. Her breasts were full and ripe. Her face was as gorgeously molded as I remembered.

She sized me up, and as her eyes traveled down then up my body, my balls tingled. She wanted me.

**"HER BREASTS
WERE FULL
AND RIPE.
HER FACE WAS
AS GORGEOUS AS
I REMEMBERED."**

"My, my, Reginald. What a handsome man you've grown up to be, just like I always knew you would." She smiled warmly.

I could have creamed myself right there. Chuck rolled his eyes—just like he always had whenever his mom said anything remotely flirty—and explained I would be around for the whole weekend.

It was getting late. I gave Mrs. R a last, longing look, and when Chuck's back was turned, she blew me a silent kiss and mouthed the word "anytime" at me. At least, I thought that was the word. It was more than enough to make my cock twitch eagerly. Trembling, I followed Chuck out to the cottage, where he had a bed set up for me.

We popped a couple beers, talked for another hour, then called it a night. Or he did and I played along. I waited a half

hour more, seething with expectation. Fantasies exploded in my skull. I liked that I had a fresh rendition of the woman of my dreams to play around with.

Finally, I snuck out. Halfway across the yard, doubt seized me. Had she really said anytime? Was I about to make a total fool of myself? Worse, I might set off a burglar alarm and have to explain myself to both Chuck and his mom.

But my long-held desire for the woman drove me to the back door. I knocked quietly and waited. Then knocked again, biting my lip.

Disappointment was just starting to creep up on me when the door opened. She hadn't put on a light. Hands pulled me into the darkness, and suddenly that mouth I'd longed to kiss was mashing itself onto mine. She forced my lips apart and stabbed her lively tongue hard against my own.

Feeling a stunned bliss, I took her in my arms. She ground her body against me. My cock sprang fully hard in a matter of seconds, and she jammed her crotch on it shamelessly. Her hips moved, and she reached behind me to cup my ass, just in case I wasn't clear yet about what she wanted.

When that ferocious kiss finally broke, I heard myself laugh a little hysterically.

"Do I amuse you?" she asked in the dark, still rubbing on my bulge.

"No! It's just—I've dreamed of this for so long..."

"Dream's over, darling. Come upstairs to reality."

She led me to her bedroom. It felt like stepping into some sacred place. Soft light burned. At the foot of the bed she tossed away her pajamas. My eyes strained wide, taking in her bare body. She was as beautiful naked as I'd so often imagined. Pink nipples capped her luscious tits. Her delectable ass was firm.

I broke from my paralysis and stripped in a flash. My cock twanged. My flesh rippled. Though I'd had lots of girlfriends, this felt new—almost like I was a virgin

again. I was shivering in her naked presence.

"I think," she purred, "we'd better relax you before the main event."

I didn't know what she meant until she sashayed over and knelt before me. Making a hungry noise, she put her full lips on my swollen cockhead. Pleasure hit me like lightning. I felt her tongue whirling on me. I watched her mouth drop slowly down my aching shaft, swallowing me all the way.

It was a mind-boggling sight. Fantasies don't normally come true, but there was the woman of a thousand jerkoff dreams sucking on my cock. I gazed in wonder as her mouth moved up and down. She took me to my simmering balls with each downward stroke. Her tongue worked the whole while. I felt the clasp of her throat around my cockhead.

She continued to make ravenous sounds, like she couldn't believe how delicious my meat tasted. Suddenly, my hips started to jerk. I tried to hold back, but it was hopeless. I gave a helpless cry as the excitement crested and everything in me seemed to go haywire.

I jetted a massive load into her mouth. Each spurt wrenched me down to my bones. The pleasure was awesome, even as it slowly died off.

She let me slide from between her lips. She'd swallowed every drop. Smiling, she stood and moved onto the bed, spreading her legs. Her pussy gleamed.

"Your come is like nectar," she said. "Now show me what you can do with your tongue."

I dove onto the bed, shouldering between her taut thighs. Even though I'd just climaxed new excitements were starting to churn in me. Facing that pussy was like beholding a fabulous treasure I'd sought for years. I savored the moment, then put my mouth to her.

Her sweet flavor stung me immediately. If I was nectar, then she was ambrosia. I licked her slick folds, inhaling her aroma and feeling the heat of her lips. I



LETTERS

➤ MILF

swiped my tongue up and down before plunging inside, spearing her. She groaned happily, which encouraged me. I desperately wanted to please this woman.

My tongue tip found her clit, and I gave that tasty love bud a thorough scrubbing. Her hips moved, and strong thighs closed around my head. I put my hands under her ass and lifted it, jamming her pussy hard against my open mouth.

I slurped and snuffled, licked and lapped. Her juices were flowing, and I did all I could to get every drop. Her clit throbbed against my busy tongue. She was humping my face and reached down to grab a fistful of my hair.

Letting out a cry just like mine earlier, she writhed through a fierce climax. Her whole beautiful body shook with sexual rapture. She flooded my mouth, and I drank what she gave me. By now my cock was fully hard again, and I was rubbing it on the bed. I was eager for the "main event," as she'd called it before.

I came up panting from between her legs. The look of satisfaction on her lovely face sent a bolt of pride through me. If I'd been feeling like a nervous virgin before, now I felt like a man. And this man

wanted his cock in her pussy.

I moved toward her to mount her, but she stopped me with a hand on my chest. When she pushed me over onto my back, I went gladly. However she wanted it was fine with me. She straddled me, reaching down to fondle my dick before setting my newly swollen cockhead against her drenched pussy lips.

She took me at her chosen speed. I looked up, watching through a haze of lust as she savored my slow penetration up into her. Her pussy gripped me with a perfect pressure. I slid up and up into that silken sheath as she lowered herself, until finally she was fully impaled on my shaft. Her succulent backside lay flush atop my balls. She shifted about, side to side, as if testing for a good fit.

She smiled down at me, apparently more than pleased. She lifted and lowered herself, still going slowly. Fresh pleasure climbed over my skin. A hum of joy touched me deep inside. I met her downward plunges with upward thrusts. We fell into a natural rhythm.

As immediate and miraculous as this felt to me, the moment also had a sweet, coarse reality to it. We were both adults, and both obviously attracted to one

another. It seemed perfectly reasonable and believable that we should be in bed together.

I grinned up at her, appreciating the tactile, sensual reality of this woman. She rode my cock with gusto. I gripped her hips and pumped my stiff meat up inside her. We jounced on the bed, grunting and growling. I was glad Chuck was in the cottage and out of earshot.

She sped up. The pleasure gathered over me. My balls started to tighten. I felt a fresh orgasm getting ready to rip through me. She bucked like crazy on my cock. Her face twisted in an ecstasy that broke over her as I watched. At the same instant, I spunked up into her grasping pussy. Euphoria whirled my whole being. Finally, I spurted my last.

She lay down on top of me, and I held her. The moment was beautiful and utterly fulfilling. I wanted to express my gratitude.

"That was great, uh, Mrs. R."

She murmured a laugh. "I think you can call me Janet now."

—R.B., via email

■ THREE DAYS OF BLISS

I'd been eyeing my next door neighbor Christy since the day she'd moved in. As she carried her boxes up to our floor, I had the good fortune of ascending the stairs directly behind her, watching her heart-shaped ass shift with every step. Being the gentleman I am, I rushed up to take the box from her hands and offered to help move the rest of her things. Then I entered the apartment and met her young son. All thoughts of a hot, moving-day encounter flew right out the window—even though it was clear she was single.

Christy and I quickly fell into a pleasantly cordial routine. Whenever we crossed paths we offered a quick wave and a smile. Nothing more. But that all changed on one unusually hot spring night.



I walked out onto my terrace, planning to order some dinner and relax. Normally, I don't do more than glance over the small fence dividing my space from Christy's. But that night I noticed she was sitting alone. She'd just poured out a healthy portion of red and lifted her wineglass in a toast. There was a second full glass already on the table, as if she was expecting someone.

"Drinking to anything special?" I asked.

"To my long weekend of complete and total freedom." She smiled, pulling out the patio chair next to her and patting the seat. "Wanna join me?"

In the six months I'd admired Christy, I've never once seen her without her kid. This was a rare opportunity, and I wasn't going to blow it.

I hopped over the short divider and took the wineglass she offered, brushing my fingers against hers as I grabbed the stem. My eyes lingered on her cleavage, wondering how she would react if I dragged my tongue between those hefty tits. I found myself trying to guess the color of the nipples that were poking against the thin material of her T-shirt. Would they be a warm, mocha color to complement her golden skin? Or were they a dusky pink to match her Cupid's-bow lips?

Speaking of lips, hers really made my cock twitch. Her plump pout was slightly parted, releasing little puffs of air while Christy raked her eyes over my torso. I ached to press the tip of my dick against those lips.

Christy wrapped her fingers around my wrist, stroking her thumb against the sensitive skin just above my palm until it tingled. My cock jerked again, pressing hard against the zipper of my pants.

Christy tugged me down, urging me into the seat next to her before tapping the rim of her glass against mine. "To my three days of bliss." She settled her hand on my thigh and squeezed. "May I find many... stimulating activities to fill the time?"

My mind buzzed with possibilities that



"I LURCHED UPWARD, AND MY DICK PUSHED AGAINST HER LIPS, AS IF DEMANDING ENTRY."

would push Christy beyond the point of simple stimulation. Then the hand on my thigh slid over so that Christy was caressing my crotch.

"This weekend I can do anything I want." She paused, trailing her tongue across her lip. "And I want to do you."

Before I could respond, her fingers were on my zipper. She yanked the tab and slipped her hand inside my jeans to seek my rapidly swelling cock. She popped the button next, grabbing holding of the waistband and working down the denim. She looked up at me, her eyes expectant. I lifted my hips, and she yanked the pants to my ankles.

Then Christy dropped to her knees in front of me, licking her lips while she reached into my boxers and freed my erection. She leaned forward, flicking her tongue across my cockhead. I lurched upward, and my dick pushed against her lips, as if demanding entry. She opened

wide and flicked her tongue along the sensitive underside before sliding all the way down, making me grunt as my balls grew tight.

I'd been curious about her mouth, but something about Christy made me greedy. A blowjob, while awesome, wouldn't satisfy me. My mind jumped ahead. I was already wondering what her pussy would look like when she spread her legs for me.

Her lips parted, and my cock advanced, her wetness drawing me inside. I fisted my fingers in her hair, fighting the urge to drive my hips toward her. Her mouth felt like hot silk wrapped around my shaft, and she sucked hard as she drew me to the back of her throat.

Christy swirled her tongue around my shaft and my hips lifted again, determined to push my cock further inside. It was the most pleasurable type of torture I'd ever experienced. Too much, yet somehow not nearly enough.

As her lips brought me to within seconds of my breaking point, I decided that wasn't the way I wanted to come. I lifted Christy's head from my lap, pulling her up before spinning her toward the table. My fingers found the hem of her shirt, tugging it up and over her head. My mouth went dry when I realized Christy wasn't wearing a bra.

I smoothed my hands over her belly, sliding my palms up and over her bare breasts. Her tits felt full and heavy, yet so soft to the touch. I reached for her nipples and gave them a pinch, enjoying

LETTERS

➤ MILF

her little gasp. I rolled the buds between my fingers, smiling as Christy's breath came shorter and faster. I loved knowing that I was turning her on.

My hands moved from Christy's breasts and slid down her arms, gently caressing her flesh until my fingers encircled her wrists. I pulled her toward me, rubbing my dick against her plush behind. Then I used the weight of my body to urge her forward, bending her over the table.

Once her hands and breasts were flat against the glass tabletop, I turned my attention to her pants, more than ready to expose her heart-shaped ass. My fingers slipped easily beneath the waistband of her leggings, and I yanked them down past that perfect posterior. It was full and round and begging me to take a taste. God, there wasn't even any underwear to get in my way.

I pulled her leggings to her ankles, helping her slip all the way out of the tight spandex, then I widened her stance.

Once I had her positioned perfectly, it was time to explore. I caressed the supple flesh of her thighs until she

whimpered—and that's when I parted her cheeks to take my first good look at the woman I couldn't wait to fuck.

My tongue darted across her asshole, circling the puckered flesh until Christy cried out. Then I switched to long, languid licks, reveling in the taste of her. Once I had my fill, I pulled back, enjoying Christy's sharp cries of protest.

"Relax, baby," I whispered. "I just want to get a really good look at you."

Those thick thighs looked so pretty, parted to display her pussy. Her dark pink

folds glistened, reflecting her arousal.

I reached out to stroke the dip in Christy's back. My palm slid easily over the plump curve of her ass, then I traced my finger along her slit, spreading her abundant moisture.

She whimpered when I neared the entrance to her pussy. I pulled away, and she groaned. I lifted my finger to my nose, and her sweet, musky smell teased my nostrils, making my mouth water.

"Are you gonna fuck me, or are you gonna stand there looking all day?"

I laughed. "Oh, I'm definitely going to fuck you."

I grabbed Christy's hips and pressed my dick to her entrance. I looked down and bit back a groan. The tabletop was clear, tempered glass, and about two feet below was a mirrored shelf. Bending Christy over the table did more than put her pussy on display. The position also allowed the mirror to reflect the beautiful sight of her full tits pressed against the glass.

My dick was aching. I knew I should go slow, but I couldn't. Instead, I slammed my hips forward, taking her with a single thrust. She moaned loudly, her fingers flexing on the table as if searching for something to grasp. I paused, giving her body a moment to adjust before pulling out and driving into her again.

Her perfect pussy gripped my dick, milking me so that my shaft throbbed and my balls grew tight. My thumbs dug into Christy's ass and my fingers sank into her curvy hips, guiding her cunt as it took my dick over and over.

With every thrust, she grew a little bit tighter, but she was so wet it didn't matter. No matter how snug her pussy became, my dick slid in and out with ease. Her aroused flesh pulsed around my cock, and the sensation drove me wild.

I glanced down at the table, loving that I could see her breasts in the mirror. The harder I drove into her, the more her breasts were jostled. Every part of

**"MY DICK WAS
POUNDING HER AS
DEEPLY AS
POSSIBLE, AND IT
FELT INCREDIBLE."**



Christy was full and soft and quaking with pleasure.

My hand snuck around to her clit, and she groaned when I pressed my fingers to the swollen bud. Massaging her clit made her pussy spasm around me, pushing me so close to the edge that I released a groan of my own.

But I wasn't ready to come. Not yet. First, I wanted to watch Christy fall to pieces.

My beautiful neighbor angled herself upward, desperate for more of my cock in her cunt and my fingers on her clit. My dick was pounding her as deeply as possible, and it felt incredible. My vision clouded as my concentration faltered, and I could no longer ignore my impending release.

Christy was right there with me. Her back bowed, lifting her tits off the glass as her ecstasy reached the tipping point. Her pussy spasmed around my dick, rhythmically drawing out my own orgasm until we were both spent and overcome with pleasure.

Christy turned to me with her lips parted.

"That was incredible," she sighed. "How long until we can do it again?"

I laughed before responding, "We have all weekend. I can go as many times as you'd like."

-B.D., Los Angeles, California

■ BRAND-NEW MAN

Dana caught me at my car. She came running across the street in her bright pink jacket and sleek black leggings, her ponytail swinging in the sun.

"Have you seen?"

"Have I seen what?" I asked, balancing a travel mug atop my mail as I tried to open the car door.

She got up close enough for me to see the sweat glistening on her upper lip and whispered, "Jake's home from college."



I tried not to roll my eyes. This woman had too much time on her hands.

"I didn't even realize he was old enough to be in college," I said dismissively. "Sorry, Dana, I have to go—"

"But you live next door!" she said, grabbing my wrist and refusing to let the matter drop.

"Yeah, and?"

"You haven't been paying attention then. He has...how do you say 'blossomed' when you're talking about a boy?"

"I don't know. Budded?" Then I snorted because I'd amused myself.

She shook her head. "You really should pay better attention. He's really become quite a good-looking man." Then she winked at me.

I turned to look at the house next door because I am a curious person. "I'll pay better attention," I said to appease her, and then added, "I have to go to work, Dana."

"Oh, right! Sorry! Back to my run!" And then she was off like a blonde gazelle with a taste for designer workout clothes.

I rolled my eyes, got in the car, and went on my way to the post office. "I wonder how many times a day she runs by Jake's house?" I wondered out loud. But I also wondered what there was to see there that would get her worked up enough to mention it to me.

I found out that night. I'd grabbed a bag of takeout and a bottle of wine, and I was very ready to kick back and break into both. But when I got out of my car, there he was, waving. Jake.

"Hi!" he said enthusiastically.

"Um, hi, Jake. How are you?" It was all I could really think to say because my brain had stopped working. Dana's exuberance was suddenly making a little more sense to me.

"I'm good. My mom wanted this ivy cleared because it's starting to attack the house. It's like a horror movie," he said, laughing.

"Yeah, it's a pain..." That was it. All I could think of.

"Good to see you," he said, grinning.

"You, too," I mumbled and headed to the house. I managed not to say, "You have no idea how much."

I drank a glass of wine, inhaled my shrimp lo mein and then went up for a long, hot shower. When I'd climbed out and was toweling dry, I heard the doorbell ring. I hunted for my robe but couldn't find it. In the meantime, the doorbell rang again.

I gave up and ran down in a towel, prepared to peek out at a solicitor and yell "no thank you!" through the small window. Instead, what I saw was Jake smiling at me.

"Shit, shit..." I muttered, but I unlocked the door and opened it, making sure I was tucked behind the door. "Hi, Jake... what's up?"

I tried to focus on everything but the fact that this young man in a snug T-shirt and a pair of faded jeans was making the parts of me beneath my towel pay attention to him.

"I wanted to ask if I can go into your backyard. The ivy's spread back there, and my mom wants me to track it down and eradicate any trace of it before I head back to campus next week."

LETTERS

➤ MILF



"Sure!" I chirped, wanting to get rid of him because my pussy had taken up time with my heartbeat. I really did wonder what was beneath those faded jeans. Jake had turned into a spectacular specimen. "Go for it," I told the handsome young thing.

God, I remembered when he was even younger and would come over to hang with my own kids, who'd moved out long ago. He might have been half my age, but he was definitely all grown up now.

"But your gate is locked. And it's too tall for me to hop. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bothered you."

"Shit," I said. "Shit, shit..." This was becoming my mantra.

"It's padlocked. And I don't know where the key is. Um...come on. Come in. Come through the house." I'd said "come" three times in a row while looking at a very fit young man with twinkling blue eyes while I was basically naked. The wetness between my thighs right then had nothing to do with my shower.

Jake stepped inside, and I was hit with a big whiff of man. He smelled like outside and wood and masculinity. My nipples pebbled beneath my towel, and I nearly growled in frustration. I took a deep breath and said, "This way. I'll let

you out the back door."

He was close behind me. I could sense him as I walked. Real or imagined, I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck. I stopped short in the kitchen before I hit the door because my towel started to slip. Jake was right there, crashing into me from behind and making me lose my grip on the terry cloth.

The towel sank to the floor with a whoosh, and I froze. I couldn't see Jake's face. I could only hear his breath. I was mortified, my cheeks hot and my heart pounding. But then I felt something unexpected. A kiss on the nape of my neck that made me shiver.

I made a noise, and he leaned forward to whisper near my ear. "Was that okay?"

I nodded but didn't turn around.

Jake's arms wrapped around me from behind and then his big hands were cupping my breasts. "And this?"

"Yes," I managed, but my voice was a strangled sound. I took a deep breath but even my exhalation shook and shivered.

When Jake's fingertips clamped down on my nipples, a tight moan slithered past my lips. I felt a rush of honey flowing between my thighs, and that sensation made me moan all over again.

"I've been thinking about this ever

since I got back home," he said.

He closed the gap between us by taking a step forward and then his denim-clad erection was pressing against the crack of my ass.

"You have?"

"I have. I've wanted to fuck you since forever. Can I say that?"

I nodded again. "You can say any damn thing you want."

His finger slithered down my back, making me shiver. I was wet, and he was dry. I was cool, and he was warm. He bit the top of my shoulder, and I sighed. Then his hands were smoothing along my body and between my legs to stroke my clit until I whimpered. I turned to face him, and he grabbed me and kissed me.

I found his zipper and pulled it down so I could slip my fingers inside and touch his cock. "Take off those pants," I whispered.

He stripped fast, and I had to laugh. Ah, the exuberance of youth.

Jake backed me up against the wall, hiked my leg up to his hip and held me so I was open for him. His cock pressed against my drenched slit as he kissed me on the mouth. His tongue slid across mine, and then he nipped me with his teeth. My lower lip throbbed and so did my cunt. I grabbed his hair roughly and kissed him again.

"Fuck me," I said without a second thought.

He growled and dropped to his knees, pushing my legs wider apart and licking me instead. His mouth covered my sex and then his tongue swept across my tender clit. He flicked it fast and then faster still, working me until I was climaxing. I pushed my mound against his mouth so hard I felt the bite of his teeth on my skin, and the pain only took me higher.

Jake stood and took hold of my leg again, holding it by his side. He slipped his cock into my pussy and started to rock against me. Every thrust banged me harder against the wall. My body met his,

**“I FELT LIKE HIS
PERSONAL DOLL,
AND THE
WAY HE WAS
MANHANDLING ME
MADE ME GROAN.”**



and the motion allowed him to go deeper. Every time he drove into me, his pubic bone kissed my clit, and I found myself on the verge of an orgasm all over again.

He watched my face as he fucked me, his big blue eyes anything but young or innocent in that moment. He lowered his head and kissed my neck as his tempo increased. When his teeth clamped down over my pulse point and my throat prickled with goosebumps, I came again—and I was loud.

He laughed, pulled free of me and dropped back down to his knees, ready to dine between my thighs once more.

“No,” I said, shaking my head. But part of me really wanted him to ignore me. “I’m too sensitive.”

Which was as far as I got when he *did* ignore me. His tongue tenderly touched my pulsing clit. He held me fast to the wall and ate me mercilessly until I came again. The orgasm rocked me, the spasms stealing my breath even as I attempted to say his name.

Jake rose, turned me toward the counter, and bent me over it. I felt like his own personal, bendable doll, and the way he was manhandling me made me groan. I’d never expected to think of him that way, but as he dragged his cockhead against my slick opening, I was grateful I had the opportunity to experience him.

Jake shoved into me so fast and hard, the motion lifted me up on my tippy toes.

I pressed my palms flat to the counter as he fucked me good. The marble was cool beneath my breasts, and my nipples grew tight again.

I shoved my body back against his as he drove into me rhythmically. Jake palmed my ass and squeezed my cheeks before delivering a hard strike to the right—much to my surprise.

“Fuck!” I hissed.

He struck me once more, and I nodded stupidly against my countertop. “Yes,” I said breathlessly.

He chuckled. “I had no idea.”

Then he delivered a flurry of swats, spanking me so hard my ass cheek throbbed with every beat of my runaway heart.

My body clenched tight around Jake’s driving cock, and then he pulled free again. I cried out with abandon, but he was down on the floor once more. I would have laughed, but he turned me so that he could press his handsome mouth to my pussy again. It only took a soft flurry of licks to get me off. I pulled his hair hard and came with a shout.

Jake laughed, grabbed my wrist and tugged me to the floor. There he got on top of me, spreading my thighs and slipping back inside me as easy as you please.

“I hope I’m not boring you,” he said, smiling down at me.

Then I was laughing. I couldn’t help it. But even as I laughed I moved against him so I could feel him deeper inside me. His cock was thick and hit all the right places.

“You’re not boring me at all. Not even a little.”

He kissed my neck, my shoulder, my collarbone. His fingers dug into my hips as he held on to me. When he bit my collarbone hard, I came again from the beautiful burst of pain. My climax stole my breath, and his, too. Jake gasped, and then he came as well, his forehead coming down to rest against mine.

“Ivy?” I managed to say after a minute.

“Yes, out the back door,” he replied, laughing.

We put ourselves back together before I unlocked the deadbolt.

He kissed me as he crossed the threshold.

“I’m here for the next week. I hope we see each other again.”

“I’m counting on it.”

—H.F., Shaker Heights, Ohio

If you’ve ever gotten lucky with a friend’s mom, take our advice: Don’t tell your friend—tell us! And, Mom, you can tell us, too! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MILF, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



WORKOUT

VERONICA EXERCISES HER RIGHT TO
HAVE SOME DIRTY FUN WITH CODY.













“I LOVE WORKING UP A SWEAT
WITH A HOT GUY!”

—VERONICA







CLASS ACT

The fundraising event took me into the world of high society for one night. And what a night it was! A gala held in a huge marble building, with the wealthy upper crust doling out checks to the worthy charitable cause I was there to help represent.

I felt way out of my depth and I certainly wasn't there to hound for pussy, but one stunning woman caught my eye immediately. She was in her late 40s, making her about two decades older than me. Her hair was dark with carefully styled bangs. Her eyes were a deep blue, and she wore a gown that complimented the color and left the creamy upper slopes of her breasts bare. She carried herself with a lithe ease, and I couldn't

help tracking her movements as she mingled with the many other well-dressed people who had gathered that night. A string quartet played chamber music, and refreshments were available to the guests.

"She is quite a sight, isn't she?"

The comment startled me. I turned to find a middle-aged man standing beside me. His expensive evening clothes clued me in that he was one of the donors that my charity had gone there to court.

I didn't pretend I hadn't been looking at the blue-eyed woman. "Yes, she's beautiful."

"Her name's Gloria." I introduced myself to the man. We shook hands, and he added, "I'm Lawrence, her husband."

I panicked, imagining the money we might have coaxed from this patron evaporating before my eyes. But he put

a hand to my arm and said, "Easy. I've already made my donation. Now Gloria and I are just socializing. She's probably looking for a little...fun."

One of the caterers glided past with a tray of drinks, and he grabbed two glasses and passed one to me. We talked more. He was pleasant. Despite myself, I continued to sneak looks at his lovely wife as she moved about the big open area. A staircase led up to the building's dim upper levels.

Lawrence was lucky to be married to such a beautiful woman. The cocktail had loosened me up enough to actually tell him that out loud.

He grinned. "You have no idea *how* lucky. Gloria is the perfect mate for me. With another woman I would have to sneak around, be the cad, play all those stupid lying games. With Gloria I can be completely honest."

He had lost me. "Honest about what?"

"About having sex with other women. What did you think I was talking about? Oh, I guess it seems weird or decadent, something rich people do. But I grew up strictly working class. When Gloria and I were first married, we owned and ran a single auto parts store. But even back then we had an open marriage. It's always kept us happy."

As if on cue, Gloria turned and smiled at her husband from halfway across the room. He smiled back and made some gesture toward me.

One of the other charity people approached us, and Lawrence excused himself to chat with the newcomer. Apparently, the event had been a huge success. We'd already raised more funds than expected, thanks to Lawrence.

When I looked around for Gloria, I saw her ascending the staircase—alone.

Again, as though on cue, she stopped and turned, this time pinning me with her blue-eyed gaze and offering a sly, inviting smile. When she started up the stairs once more, I hurried after her.

The gown clung to the delectable-



looking swells of her ass as I came up behind her. She stepped off into an empty, dark corridor, silhouetted by a big window at the end. My pulse was racing, my cock stirring.

She faced me and said, "Come here."

I approached. Without warning she pulled me into an embrace and mashed her mouth hard against mine. Surprised, I hesitated only a second before returning the kiss. Her nimble tongue wrestled with mine. She pressed the length of her taut body against me.

When she started grinding her crotch on my now very conspicuous hard-on, I broke our lip-lock and panted, "Let's get out of here."

Her face was merry. "I'm afraid I don't have time for that. My husband and I have to go soon."

Mention of Lawrence made me wince, despite his revelation about their open marriage. "Can I see you some other time, then?" I was almost begging. I knew there was virtually no chance we would meet again. She moved in her high-society circles, and I generally did not.

Stepping back, she grinned. "There is no other time, dear sweet boy."

I thought for an awful moment she'd done all this just to toy with me. But she reached behind herself and undid a catch, and the gown slid off her body. She stepped out of it, completely naked—no panties. She wore nothing but the fancy high heels on her feet.

She posed in the corridor, the faint light from the window behind highlighting her trim, vibrant body.

We were out of any immediate line of sight of the gala guests below, but anybody could come up the stairs at any time. My brain told me this was crazy, but my cock was calling the shots. I got out of my clothes in a flash and strode toward her. She eyed my bobbing meat.

The sense of exposure and vulnerability only added to the thrill of the moment. I took her into my arms, and we kissed again. She put her hands on my ass,



and I groped her heavy tits, tugging on her hard nipples. I kissed her throat, licking my way down until I could nibble on those sweet nips. She growled with pleasure.

As I sank into a crouch, I kissed her tight abdomen, flicking my tongue playfully over her navel. She stood with her legs apart. I inhaled the tantalizing scent of her sparse pubic patch before grazing her pussy lips with my mouth. She moaned, and the sound echoed off the marble, though hopefully not loud enough to be heard over the chamber music downstairs.

I swiped my tongue up her moist cleft, getting a real taste of her. I parted her folds and jammed my tongue tip inside. Her fingers wound into my hair, and her cream-colored thighs closed around either side of my face.

When I started teasing her clit, she humped against my mouth. I ate her hard, tongue-fucking her furiously. Her fingers grabbed my hair by the roots. She ground her pussy against me, her hips jerking wildly, until with a cry she came on my lips. I drank her flowing juices, savoring the flavor.

When she stepped back, I stood up, liking the look of bliss on her face. She came forward, ran her tongue over my wet mouth and chin, and then knelt in

**"I SWIPED MY
TONGUE UP HER
MOIST CLEFT,
GETTING A REAL
TASTE OF HER."**

front of me and my raging hard-on.

I gazed down in wonder as Gloria closed her lips around my swollen cockhead. I felt the swirl of her tongue. Her mouth descended on me, taking inch after inch. Pleasure lit me up, and my balls hummed. With a final fearless lunge, she swallowed me all the way down, deep-throating me. I let out a helpless groan.

Gloria held me like that for a moment, then she began to bob her head up and down on my straining shaft. Her lips stayed sealed around me, her tongue eeling all over my staff. I dropped my hands to her head. I slipped my fingers into her dark hair. My hips started to move. I gave a tentative thrust, and she

LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

moaned with pleasure, the vibrations raising gooseflesh on me.

I tightened my grip on her hair and face-fucked her. It was beautiful to watch my cock going in and out of her talented mouth. My balls swung against her chin. While she blew me, she was fingering herself, and that only excited me further.

Suddenly, her mouth came off me. She looked up, her eyes dancing. "You want to shoot off in my mouth, or do you want to fuck my pussy?"

I couldn't believe her directness. It was also very considerate of her to ask. With my cock twitching I said, "Your pussy, please."

She hopped up and moved over to the wall. She put her hands on it, leaning forward and thrusting her ass toward me. I hurried in behind her, beholding the shapely wonder of her butt. The high heels she was still wearing put her at the perfect level for my access.

I slotted my spit-shiny cock into her

waiting hole. Her pussy gripped me with a luscious heat. I savored the first deep thrust into her, going slow and feeling every centimeter of the wet, clenching pleasure. When I was buried balls-deep in her, she turned her head from the wall.

"Fuck me hard! Fuck me deep!"

Savoring time was over. I took two handfuls of her shapely ass and started to pound her pussy. Her body was a perfectly sculpted masterpiece. I hoped I would be in as good shape in 20 years.

But I didn't think much about the future. I was all in the present, pounding into Gloria from behind and loving how her taut body rippled with the impact of each thrust. Her backbone arched. She put her forehead to the wall and rolled her head back and forth, growling over and over, "Fuck, fuck, fuck me!"

In the background I could still hear music and the voices of the crowd from below. The distinct possibility of discovery remained. We were, after all,

shamelessly fucking right in the open.

I didn't stop, of course. I plowed her sweet pussy, driving into her deepest reaches. My balls spanked her sex. Red-hot pleasure raced through me. Sweat stung my eyes. I felt a final broiling bliss moving to take hold of me.

Gloria's fingers raked at the wall. Suddenly, she was shuddering all over, seized by a violent orgasmic quake. Those motions touched me off. My cream tore out of me in huge spurts. I jetted my load, fingers digging into her ass. My head whirled, and a wild tingling touched my flesh. The pleasure even seemed to sing in my bones.

After a time, I staggered back. Gloria straightened. She turned and smiled, then her eyes flickered past me.

"I hope I didn't rush you," Lawrence said apologetically from the top of the stairs. He had her coat in hand. "But we are expected at the Robertsons."

She smiled and blew him a kiss. I stood frozen as she breezed past me to collect her gown. She patted my cheek tenderly. "Thank you for a lovely time, dear sweet boy."

They left together, Lawrence waving a casual farewell. I wondered if I would ever be as lucky as those two.

—C.B., via email



■ GEEK LOVE

My husband and I are both salespeople, and we're traveling pretty much all the time. It's rare when both of us are home the same week. Long ago, we came to an agreement that what happens on the road, stays on the road. That way there's no sneaking around, and when we are together, there's no guilt and the sex and affection are great.

I've had flings with dozens of men, of all colors, nationalities and ages. Now that I'm pushing 40, younger guys really

grab my attention. I've kept myself in good shape and look ten years younger than I am, but I've always known my way around a cock. So for a guy who's tired of lazy younger women who just lay there, I'm a godsend.

My latest business trip was to a city teeming with hipsters. Normally, I'm not much into that scene, but just down the street from my hotel was a bar that catered to guys in flannel shirts and wool beanies and who drank craft beers and listened to vinyl. I put on jeans and T-shirt and went out for some fun.

I took a seat at a table and waited. The average age of the patrons was about 25, but again, I can pass for younger so I didn't stand out too much. Eventually, I noticed a skinny guy with a long beard with no mustache. (I thought that made him look Amish, not for nothing.) He appeared to be alone and working on his laptop.

I moved to the seat next to him, and he barely looked up. So, this was going to be a challenge, I'd thought. Maybe he was gay. Maybe I was losing my powers. All sorts of thoughts wandered through my mind.

I noticed, just at his beard line, he had a tattoo. I know that people like to have their tattoos mentioned because, otherwise, why would they get them? His was some unusual characters, so I had a natural opening.

"What does your tattoo say?"

He looked up, slightly annoyed, then got a good look at me and smiled. "It's 'live long and prosper' in Klingon."

"So you're a Star Trek guy and not a Star Wars guy?"

"Well, I like both, but the newer Star Wars trilogy must be ignored."

Having broken the ice, I introduced myself. He told me his name was Sean and he was a video game designer. I was getting a really good vibe from him. He was undeniably sexy, but also a full-on nerd. From my experience, they can be really kinky in bed.



“SEAN PULLED MY SOAKED PANTIES DOWN AND DOVE BETWEEN MY THIGHS.”

Sean bought me a beer—a local microbrew, of course—and we talked about video games and science fiction. I was a good 15 years older than him, but I've played my share of games and seen my share of movies. Eventually, I realized that despite our interesting conversation, my nipples poking through my T-shirt are what really got his attention. (Did I mention I wasn't wearing a bra?) Years ago I got barbell piercings on both nipples, and they were plainly evident through the thin cotton of my shirt.

"So, who do you think is the hottest science fiction character of all time?" I asked, trying to steer the conversation toward sex.

Sean furrowed his brow, taking the question very seriously. "I really like Seven of Nine," he said, "but of course she's a cyborg. For someone who's

100% flesh and blood, I'd go with Gamora from *Guardians of the Galaxy*, even if she's green."

I gently put my hand on his knee, wanting to show interest but not wanting to spook him. "Let's go to back to my hotel room and see if there's any sexy sci-fi on pay-per-view." Sean squirmed, a bit startled by my aggressiveness, but he was undeniably turned on. I could tell by the impressive bulge forming in his pants. He glanced at his laptop, as if he was having second thoughts about abandoning his work. "The hotel has free wi-fi," I offered. I'm a temptress, I'll admit it.

Wi-fi was the clincher. Sean packed up his stuff and off we went. In the cab, I ran my hand up and down his corduroyed thigh, and he couldn't help but breathe hard. He nervously babbled about science fiction and comic books, as if he was trying to keep himself from coming in his pants.

"Of course, if you want to talk about comic book characters, no one can beat Black Widow. No one's hotter than her." I nodded in response but kept my hands busy, gently stroking him and enjoying how he shivered.

I led the way to my room, and Sean followed me like a puppy. When we got inside, I took his laptop and put it on the desk. Then I pulled him close and kissed him. I snaked my tongue into his mouth, and he just about melted in my arms. But he recovered quickly and started kissing

LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

me back expertly. My little geek surprised me. He'd clearly had more experience than I'd guessed. Any thoughts that he was a virgin disappeared. He cupped my breasts and stroked them, and those were definitely experienced hands.

I took off my jeans, and Sean dropped to his knees to kiss my ass. Now it was my turn to shiver as he stroked and smooched me through the thin fabric of my panties. I felt like I was being worshiped, and I loved it. I tried to be patient, but I was growing too aroused. I couldn't help myself.

I turned away from him, and we locked eyes. I could see the heat there—sense his hunger. Sean pulled my soaked panties down and dove between my thighs, eating me like a starving man. He buried his nose in my pussy and lapped and slurped at my slit. My thighs were trembling and my breath was coming in erratic bursts.

After a few minutes of bliss, I needed to take things further. I had to see his cock. I pulled off my T-shirt and stood

him up to unzip his pants. A very big dick sprang out, and I took a moment to soak in its beauty and scent before I began to suck. I gave him a very sloppy blowjob, full of spit. He stood there and moaned while I lavished him with oral attention. Using my hands, I alternately pumped his shaft and played with his droopy balls while I blew him energetically. As much as I wanted to gobble him up, I paced myself. I wanted this encounter to last.

**“SEAN STARTED
FUCKING ME
DOGGY-STYLE,
AND IT WAS MY
TURN TO
SURRENDER.”**

At my request, we both got totally naked and climbed into bed. I knelt between his legs with my feet tucked under me and resumed my blowjob. Instead of wrapping my fingers around his erection, I placed my hands on his pelvis with one set of fingers lying on the other and leaving an aperture between my thumbs. Sean's cock was in this opening, a cunt made by my hands, and I slid it up and down as my mouth moved on his dick. He was delirious with pleasure, if the sounds he was making were any consideration.

“Are you ready to fuck me?” I asked him sweetly.

He said yes and quickly positioned me on my hands and knees. I was getting the picture that Sean was a real assman. He started fucking me doggy-style, and it was my turn to surrender, saying nothing but “fuck me!” and “pound that pussy!”

I needed to get into a new position, and realizing he liked my ass, I maneuvered us into a reverse cowgirl, where he could watch my butt bob up and down as I fucked him. I squeezed his cock with my pussy and rode him hard. Sean palmed my cheeks, manhandling them roughly. But when my thigh muscles tired, I leaned back so I was practically lying on top of him with my feet on his knees. He began thrusting upward. The position made my cunt feel extra-tight, and I groaned helplessly as my tireless young lover pumped up into me.

After a few minutes of this, I wanted to see his handsome face again, so I twirled around into a standard cowgirl and went to town. I pumped up and down on him wildly, wiggling my ass. Sean's face was a mask of ecstasy, and he grabbed my tits, squeezing them and tweaking my nipples.

I could tell by the determined look in his eyes that Sean was ready to take control. He flipped me on my back and returned to dining on my cunt, licking me like an expert. His beard tickled me in ways that made me giggle and shriek. He knew his way around a clit. It's always the quiet



guys who know how to make a girl happy.

Sean's expert tongue triggered a body-shaking climax for me. He pulled back with a glossy smile and positioned himself between my thighs; I knew the best was yet to come. On his knees, he ran his cockhead up and down my slit. I tried to wriggle my hips enticingly, but he was having none of my games. He was determined to enter me at his own pace. I relented and relaxed completely, leaning back and cooing as he penetrated me slowly.

Sean slid that monster cock in as he swayed from side to side, the corkscrew action making it feel like I was being fucked by two cocks at the same time. As he pumped me, he took one of my feet in his hands and sucked on my big toe with his eyes closed. I love nerds with a fetish!

Soon Sean was fucking me hard while both my feet were on his face. I gave him a massage with my toes, and he started breathing very heavy. I could feel hot puffs of air against my soles as he began to lose control. I knew the end was nigh.

"I'm so close," he said unnecessarily.

"Do you want to come on me?" I asked.

His face lit up, and I smiled at his exuberance. He pulled out of my pussy, and I got down on my knees by the side of the bed. Sean, cock in hand, launched what I can only call a waterfall of jism onto me. One of the great things about young guys is they are full of cream. I like a fresh, hot load dripping down my face and onto my tits. It makes me feel so dirty.

Afterward, we cleaned up in the shower, and he bid me a fond farewell.

I slept like the dead that night, exhausted from a fun hookup with a hot young guy. When I arrived home, my husband was there to greet me. We kissed passionately while I still held the handle of my suitcase. After a minute, I dropped it and we went off to bed together.

-D.G., Portland, Oregon



■ BEING NEIGHBORLY

Brad had been watching me watch our neighbor every time he stepped onto the elevator.

We lived in a 20-floor high-rise, circa 1970-something. The place had retro charm but was well staffed and maintained. It also happened to include a cornucopia of people. Old, young, middle-aged, flamboyant, boring, and in between. It was a true melting pot, and Brad and I loved it.

The object of my attention was about 30—a good 15 years younger than me—and dressed like he'd stepped out of a men's magazine, one my husband would never bother to pick up. But I would. I liked all kinds of magazines. And all kinds of men.

That day I had to stifle a smile as he got off on the fifth floor to head home to his apartment.

"You should approach him," Brad said once the doors had shut.

I tried to look surprised, but only for a second. "Stop stalking me," I said.

That made him laugh. We'd been married for seven years, but I still said that to him when he noticed something I didn't quite want him to notice.

"I'm not stalking you. But I do see how you look at Mr. Fashion."

"Mr. Fashion? Is someone jealous?"

Another laugh from Brad as the elevator slowly ascended to our floor.

"Hardly. But I'd love to see the smile on your face after you've fucked him. And then I'd love to see what you'd do with

that mouth on my cock because you're all worked up about the fact that you fucked him."

Heat flooded my cheeks so fast I put my hands to them. "Be quiet." Neither of us was fooled. My voice was breathy.

"He lives on five. He rides the elevator at roughly 7:30 every morning. And he checks out your tits when you're not looking," he said matter-of-factly.

I rolled my eyes, but my pussy was wet—very wet—inside my panties. I pushed Brad against the wall of the elevator. We were the only two riders at the moment. "Take me home and fuck me," I begged.

Brad grabbed my ass and pressed himself against me. I could feel how hard his cock was. "Gladly."

We barely made it in the front door. The second it shut, he shoved me against the wall, face-first. My cheek pressed to the cool surface, my hands splayed for balance. He hiked up my dress and yanked my panties down and off. He knocked his knee against mine, forcing my stance wider.

"Let's see how wet you are." He pushed his fingers into my pussy, and I moaned. "Oh, not wet," he said, mouth pressed against my earlobe. "Drenched."

A shiver ran through me, and I sighed as I heard his zipper. Then his cock was sweeping back and forth against my soaked slit before he jammed himself into me roughly.

"Tell me," I gasped.

"Oh, what? That I think his cock will be longer than mine but not as thick—"

LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

**"I WATCHED HIM
TRAIL HIS COCK
OVER MY CLIT
AND THEN BACK
ALONG MY
OPENING."**



His fingers bit into my hips, and I drove myself back to take him deeper. "Yes."

"Or that I think he'll want to fuck you doggy-style?"

I nodded.

"Or that I think he's a pussy-eating machine? I think he'll go for at least two orgasms before he fucks you. He'll want to drink down all those sweet juices before he shoots his load."

I came, pressing my forehead to the wall and my hand to my mouth to stifle my cries. The neighbors didn't need to know I was getting fucked in the foyer.

Brad sucked on his thumb and pushed the damp digit into my ass. He thrust three more times and finally came with a bellow.

I laughed softly.

"I've told you, honey, you can come as loud as you want. Concrete walls. Old-school craftsmanship." Then he smacked me on the ass. "Tomorrow—7:30 sharp. You go out before me. I'll hang back."

I went to bed wondering if all the stuff Brad had speculated would turn out to be true. I couldn't wait to find out.

The next day, I waited for the elevator, hoping I'd get to find out if his cock was longer but not as thick as Brad's. My heart was pounding away in my chest as I took a sip of strong coffee from my travel mug. That would surely help my galloping pulse, right?

When the elevator door opened,

the car was empty. Amazing. I rode down, watching it tick past all the floors I hoped to skip. Was it possible that fate would smile on me, and we'd ride alone? The car stopped on six, and my heart dropped. But when the door slid open the woman standing there was rummaging through her huge tote. "Go on," she said with a wave of her hand as she turned away. "I left my lunch in the fridge."

I nodded, trying not to look thrilled. The doors next opened on five, and there was my boy. He stepped on, smiled at me, and I noticed his gaze linger on my breasts. I'd worn a low-cut wrap dress just for the occasion. I did the only thing I could think to do as the elevator started to descend again. I said, "Hi," and then I kissed him.

The rest was a blur.

We arrived at the lobby, he hit the button for five, and we immediately went back up.

He had his hand under my skirt before his front door was open. "I thought you were married."

"I am. We have an understanding."

He growled. His name was Joel, and he had a long cock—that much I knew already.

"I like it. I've been watching—"

"My tits, from what I hear." I watched as he pulled the tie on my wrap dress, and it fell open. Beneath, I wore a black lace

demi-cup bra—and nothing else.

"Jesus." He dropped to his knees, and I leaned against the long entryway table. I spread my legs and watched him touch his tongue to my clit almost reverently. At first, he used only the rigid tip, and then he lapped at me with more enthusiasm. And then he grew even bolder, burying his face between my thighs, and went at me.

I rested my hand on top of his head, sliding my fingers into his dark, wavy hair. I arched my back, aching to get more of his tongue. He slipped it expertly over and around my clitoris before teasing me by tracing the edges of my outer lips. Then he returned to long, slow licks before switching to quick, flirty flicks. When he wrapped his lips around my clit and drew on it like he was sucking through a straw I lost it. I came, shoving my hips forward so hard I felt his teeth graze my tender flesh. In my excitement, I yanked on his hair, making him hiss.

"Sorry," I uttered breathlessly.

He shook his head and slipped two fingers into my cunt. Then his mouth was back on my pussy, his tongue doing amazing things to me. "Again," he said, muffled by a mouthful of cunt. But who was I to complain?

Joel fucked me with his fingers and lapped at me gently until I could handle a bit more force. And then he nudged and sucked, sweeping his tongue across

my clitoris until I came all over again. The pressure he'd created built to a beautiful impossibly intense climax that rattled me to my core.

Joel yanked my wrist and dragged me to the floor. He got me on all fours, and I heard the sound of his zipper and belt being unfastened. I smiled, remembering Brad's prediction, and wondering how much ribbing I'd get.

My neighbor slid his cock into me, keeping a hand on my lower back as he maneuvered himself inside me. He was longer than Brad and his cock was thinner. I wondered how my husband guessed these things, but when Joel started fucking me in earnest I decided I could think about it later.

He stayed close to me, his thighs almost touching the back of mine as he drove into me with brutal jabs. There was barely any withdrawal, just repetitive deep bursts of movement that knocked my G-spot over and over in the perfect rhythm until I was coming with my forehead pressed against the hardwood floor. I'd have that weird pattern on my forehead for a while. I didn't care.

"Turn around," he said, once I'd caught my breath.

I did as he ordered and began to suck his irresistible cock. He held himself at the base, offering his erection to me, and I swallowed his length as best I could. He put his hand on the back of my head and slowly slid his dick in and out of my mouth, but he soon wanted more. Joel grunted impatiently and pushed me onto my back.

"Spread your legs," he said.

I obeyed, vibrating with anticipation. I watched him trail his cockhead over my clit and then back along my wet opening. His jaw was set tight, his face intense.

He moved up and straddled my chest to slide his glossy-wet dick between my tits. I held them tight, embracing him with my flesh, and let him thrust to his heart's content. As he looked into my eyes, he tit-fucked me leisurely.

"You're so damn pretty," he said.

I didn't say anything, just rocked my body to increase the friction for him.

Joel's eyes slammed shut, and he made a gruff sound. Then he pulled back and jammed his cock into my cunt with one hard thrust. He shoved his hands beneath my ass as I moved up to take him. My hair swirled around me on the hardwood. I could hear my own shallow breath, and every thrust drove me closer and closer to coming again.

I hooked a leg around his waist and raised my hips, eager to feel him deeper inside me. Joel buried his face against the side of my neck as his hands pinned my arms to the floor. I gasped as my cunt grew tighter and he fucked me harder.

"Come for me," he grunted. "I want to feel your cunt grip my cock. I want to know what you feel like on the inside when you lose control."

I moaned, knowing his words were going to get me there faster.

"You're so fucking tight," he went on.

"And so wet. I've wondered what it'd be like to fuck you for a very long time."

He bit the side of my throat, and I whimpered. The burst of pain only augmented my pleasure.

He pushed himself up and back so he

could suck one of my nipples. Then he bit it. I shattered, coming with a force that stole my breath. He bit me again, and the sensation drew out my orgasm like a brightly colored ribbon unwinding from my center.

"Fuck," he said. Then: "Fuck, fuck, fuck..."

As he chanted, his tempo became desperate.

Turnabout is fair play. I leaned up and bit his bicep hard enough to make him hiss. And then he bellowed, coming hard and shuddering over me.

He smiled down at me, and I wondered if this was the start of something interesting.

I left his place on shaky legs and texted Brad:

"If you've left for work, turn around and come back. I want to tell you what happened. I want to SHOW you what happened."

-P.J., Boston, Massachusetts

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BY THE BOOK

TWO LIBRARIANS RESEARCH THE
BEST WAYS TO BRING EACH OTHER BLISS.





“I HAD NO IDEA DESTINY
WAS SO STACKED!”

—ANGELA











SHARE THE LOVE

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MORE THAN A MOJITO

A young waiter serves up sensual pleasures for a sex-hungry cougar.

By Sommer Marsden

I could barely pay attention to anything but Mary's rambling. She has a way of monopolizing the conversation, my friend Mary.

It was opening day at the pool club, and we were catching up. Or she was catching me up. I was merely listening.

Mary has four kids, and not a single one of them knows how to behave. Luckily, she also has a husband who makes lots of money, so she can afford the fancy pool club where we were lounging. It's the type of place where white-togged young men bring you drinks while you relax and your children torture the staff. The four kids in question were playing Marco Polo and disobeying the pool's posted NO DUNKING signs at every turn. But Mary didn't pay them a wit of attention.

"And I said to him—Jack, Jack you can't leave me here for three weeks with the kids and go off to Vegas. I don't care if it's for business. But you know..."

"He had to go anyway," I finished.

She tossed her hands up in the air and echoed me. "He had to go anyway!"

"Well, Mary, you know it's that job that allows you to give your lovely children great stuff, like this pool club."

Okay, so it was a tiny poke. She's my friend, but she's also the kind of woman who can find something to bitch about no matter what the occasion. She's a "my diamond shoes are too tight" kind of gal. I bit the inside of my lip to keep from smiling when she frowned slightly. Then she caught herself because "frowning causes wrinkles." She'd informed me of this many, many times.

"Here are your drinks, ladies."

I looked up into the sun, shielding my eyes. What I was actually looking up into was the face of a tall, good-looking, buff

young man. "Oh, hi—thanks," I said, sitting up a little to accept the drinks.

He stooped down. "Don't get up."

He set my glass on the small table next to my chaise. When he moved I could smell sunscreen, some kind of cologne, and his tempting masculine scent. The combination hit me on a visceral level.

"Don't hurry to get me mine or anything," Mary snapped. She hated when anyone else got any attention.

"Coming, ma'am," the young man said with perfectly practiced politeness.

**"HIS MOUTH
CONNECTED WITH
ME, HIS TONGUE A
BRISK FLICKING
WET CHAOS."**

I had to bite the inside of my lip all over again. If anything worked up Mary, it was being called "ma'am" instead of "Miss" or even "Mrs."

The handsome server deposited Mary's drink on her table and gave a slight bow that I knew for a fact was phony. And it was obvious to Mary, too.

I giggled, and she glared at me. But he didn't. His smile grew.

"Will there be anything else?" he asked her.

"No, you can go," she said dismissively.

I was the one to smile at him warmly and say, "Thank you very much."

"No problem, miss," he replied.

Then I was giggling all over again.

Mary made a noise, and then began bellowing at her oldest kid from where she sat. Our waiter gave me another nod and went back to his job.

"Of course he was flirting with you,"

Mary snapped. "You might be my age, but you haven't had kids. Your stomach's as flat as a board."

She said it as if being 45 with a flat stomach was a sin. I was happy for my sunglasses when I rolled my eyes at her remark.

It was only when Mary went to the restroom that our server circled back. He offered me another mojito.

"Oh, I didn't order that," I said. I could smell him again and realized that beneath my white bikini bottom, my pussy was wet. Ironically, I'd yet to get in the pool. It wasn't hot enough for me to want to plunge my body into freezing cold water.

"I know. It's on me," he said. "I'm Blake."

"Blake," I said. I held out my hand, and he shook it gently. "I'm Ellie."

"Very nice to meet you. I was wondering..." He glanced around, probably looking for Hurricane Mary. "Maybe I could buy you a drink tonight that I don't actually have to serve you?"

I cocked my head and looked at him. He couldn't have been more than 21 or 22. I meant to say no, but when I opened my mouth "sure" came out instead.

"Pick you up at seven? If you'll tell me where." He ran a hand through his dark hair, making it stand up in whirls and swoops. His grin was just boyish enough to turn him from handsome to adorable.

"What's your number?"

He recited his cell number. I put it in my phone and then texted him my address. Just as I finished I caught sight



of Mary headed back our way.

"Uh-oh."

He looked up and chuckled. "I'd better go. I'll pick you up at seven, Ellie."

"I look forward to it," I said. Then I wriggled in my seat because it was becoming completely clear how true that was. I was honestly looking forward to the drink but was hoping for a more than a mojito.

"What was that?" Mary demanded.

She dropped into her chaise and glared at me. "Did you order another drink?"

"Nope. Didn't order one. But I got one."

It was mean, I admit it. But for a woman with so much, she sure did bitch a lot.

She rolled her eyes. "He acts like he's smitten with you," she said.

"He sure does," I answered, smiling at her.

That evening, Blake showed up at seven on the dot. He looked different

out of his white shorts and polo shirt. He looked better. He'd texted ahead to suggest a specific hotspot for our evening out, and I'd agreed it was perfect. Knowing our destination helped me figure out how to dress. Skinny jeans, silver sandals, a khaki top and my hair down. He'd picked a laidback spot with a casual vibe. I liked his style. I'd had enough pomp and circumstance for one day with Mary and her obnoxious brood.

EROTICA

I loved the woman, but sometimes she rode my last nerve like a pony.

"Hi, you look...amazing," he said when he saw me at the door.

I stepped back to let him in. "Amazing? I have on more clothes than when we met."

"Less clothes, more clothes—you look amazing either way."

I touched his arm, then. I just wanted to. It looked tan and warm and smooth, and the urge to touch his skin overwhelmed me. Truth be told, I'd been

thinking about him all day. The smell of him. The way he smiled. How he'd gotten under Mary's skin in a very subtle way.

Blake looked at my hand for a second and then grabbed it. He pulled me to him, and I went so willingly I almost laughed. He kissed me, sliding a hand into my hair and holding me to him.

Blake was a good kisser. His tongue accomplished amazing things as it danced expertly over mine. I imagined that tongue on my pussy, swiping at my clit, and my knees went a little weak.

His hand on my lower back dropped to my butt and squeezed me possessively. I mirrored him, getting a handful of perfect, young man-ass. We both laughed at the same moment.

"You're a good kisser," I said. And then I slipped a hand between us and dragged my finger down the front of his jeans. His cock was long and hard beneath the zipper, and I moaned. He did, too.

"What about that drink?" he queried, but he bent to kiss my throat as he posed his pointless question. His teeth nipped me, and I pressed my pelvis to his, feeling how hard his cock was against the cleft of my pussy.

"We could get the drink after," I said.

Now that he was in my house and his tongue had been in my mouth and I could feel what was in his pants, the drink was less appealing than seeing the gorgeous, tan Blake naked. Preferably naked over me as he fucked me.

"We could," he said, stiff-arming me back against the wall and seeming to deny me.

Heat and want and need curled in my lower stomach like smoke. My pussy was keeping time with my heart, a constant dull, excited thudding.

I pushed my finger into his waistband and chewed my lower lip when I felt the sweet heat of his tan, flat stomach beneath the denim.

"So, what are we waiting for?"

"I'm waiting for *after* a drink with you." He put his arms on either side of my head and pressed close to me, his lips touching mine. Then he kissed me deeply, and I sighed into his mouth.

"I have to wait?" I did my best to pout, but I'm not much of a pouter. I don't play games. I settled for a smile. "I can behave."

"How about an appetizer?" he asked, cocking a dark eyebrow at me.

"Meaning?"

He dropped his arms and leaned in even closer, layering soft kisses along



my collarbone before scraping his teeth along the same path. I shivered despite the warm day.

"Meaning, I get a little taste of you. Then we go get a drink and come back here."

"I can live with that." I was kind of lying.

When Blake dropped to his knees, my tongue became welded to the roof of my mouth. Looking down at his powerful body and his dark hair was beyond a turn-on. When he looked up at me with those bright blue eyes, my breath froze in my lungs. He pulled off my sandals then unzipped my jeans and popped the button. With minimal effort, he managed to peel the denim down. I stepped out one foot at a time and stood there naked from the waist to my toes because I hadn't worn panties.

He made a surprisingly gruff noise in his throat, and I blinked. Then he roughly pushed my thighs wide with his big hands, and I had the first inkling I could maybe get that drink to come last, after all.

And maybe get an unexpected bonus, while I was at it.

His mouth connected with me, his tongue a brisk flicking wet chaos. I arched against him and held his hair with one hand. When he lapped at me gently, I tugged—hard. He growled and took my hand, slamming it to the wall. He wrangled the other wrist, and soon both hands were pinned and immobile as he ate my pussy.

I had myself a bit of a top. A young, gorgeous, soft-spoken top.

I bumped my hips forward to meet the ledge of his teeth. There was a sweet nip of pain as they ground against my shaved mound.

Another animalistic sound came from Blake as he pressed me even harder against the wall. The singing thump of blood in my wrists was overwhelming.

"Please, please," I managed.

He let one hand go and shoved a finger into my cunt. When he found me



"HIS FINGERS CURLED AGAINST MY G-SPOT, DRAWING SWEETNESS FROM MY CUNT."

wet, he added a second. His tongue never stopped, lapping and whirling, painting patterns and magic messages on my most tender skin. His fingers curled against my G-spot, drawing tension and sweetness from my cunt, until the feelings became overwhelming, and I crashed down into my orgasm with a loud cry.

I didn't think twice. I provoked him, shoving my free hand in his hair and yanking it.

Blake looked up at me, his lips wet

with my juices and his eyes fierce. He grabbed my wrist and tugged me down as he sat cross-legged on the tile floor. He moved me easily until I was draped over his lap.

"What's your safeword?"

He knew what I'd done. I was as transparent as glass.

"Broken," I confessed.

"Broken, it is."

I glanced up at him over my shoulder. With his jaw set and his eyes hooded, he looked a bit older. But not by much. Just more intense. His cock poked me in the stomach as he started to spank me. I rubbed against his erection shamelessly as the first blow landed.

"Don't make it worse," he said. Another blow and then another. My ass started to sing, and I gritted my teeth. But with every strike the wetness between my thighs increased and the aftershocks of my orgasm rocked me. I felt like I was about to come all over again.

"I'm not gentle," he went on. "And I don't do that counting shit."

The next strike was a bit lighter. The next one a bit lighter than that.

EROTICA



He kept talking. "I'll just spank your ass until I like the color. And like your reaction."

I squirmed but not from pain because his hand had become more gentle, teasing. I was trying not to let him lull me into complacency. For about a year, I'd been with a guy who loved to spank me. I knew this trick. And yet, Blake's hand was so soft and his strokes were so soothing, I found myself relaxing. He raised his hand as if to hit me, and I flinched. But when his palm came down, it gave me a soft caress. He laughed, and the fine hairs along my nape prickled.

Blake dragged his finger down my ass crack, and then his hand raised and I flinched again. And another soft stroke came down on the opposite cheek. He petted me, for lack of a better word, and trailed his fingertips along my skin so softly I sometimes wondered if he was actually touching me.

My eyes drifted shut, and then suddenly fire bloomed in my right ass cheek. His hand came down hard and fast and instantly struck the other cheek. My back bowed, and I cried out. The flurry of blows was too fast to count, and

**"MY ENTIRE BODY
WAS A HECTIC
MESS OF
MISFIRING NERVE
ENDINGS, DESIRE
AND NEED."**

my body, plunged into confusion, bucked on his crossed legs as if all my nerves had become cross-wired.

I sobbed and wondered if it was as loud as it sounded to my own ears. But that was as far as my wondering got because Blake dropped a blow on the back of my right thigh. Then the left. He alternated, and I tried to breathe and process and not cry out my safeword, because if I could weather the storm, the fucking would be amazing. I was no fool. I knew that as sure as I knew my name.

Blake paused, and I managed to suck

in a deep breath. He thrust two thick fingers into my cunt and fucked me for a few seconds. The tips of his fingers curled against my swollen G-spot, and I sobbed against my arm.

Then the world was turning because Blake was flipping me onto my back. My ass fell into the space between his crossed legs and my head was resting on the floor. Blood rushed to my brain, but I didn't care because he was staring down at me with mesmerizing blue eyes.

"Now the front," he said.

I opened my mouth to speak, and he winked. Without another word, he proceeded to spank my pussy. Not too hard, but not soft enough that I could come. I thought I'd lose my mind. I did the only thing I could think to do: I begged.

"Please, please. I didn't mean to. I had no idea. I'm sorry."

I found that even as I begged I was thrusting my hips up to open myself to his blows. My clit throbbed, and my pussy grew tighter. I was panting. I had no idea what was happening or what I'd gotten myself into.

He smiled down at me, listening, but still spanking my slit.

One blow landed harder than the others and I shouted, but I also felt like I was a gnat's ass away from coming. My entire body was a hectic mess of misfiring nerve endings, desire and need.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry!" I just kept saying the words like a moronic parrot regurgitating phrases it didn't understand.

He stopped suddenly. "You're sorry what?"

"Sir," I blurted. "I'm sorry, Sir."

Blake nodded and, with a grunt, shoved me off his lap, got up on his knees and opened his jeans. Then he was pulling them off along with his boxer briefs. His skin was tan and smooth. He ran his hands up my inner thighs and then pulled off his tee. "Take the rest of your clothes off."

I couldn't do it fast enough. When I

was naked, he pushed me back, grabbed a handful of my hair, and maneuvered between my legs. Then he was running the slick head of his cock along my drenched slit.

I raised my hips, but he shook his head. I immediately lowered them.

"Spread wider for me."

I let my legs splay open and watched his face as he teased my entrance with his cockhead. Then he slid into me slowly, inch by fucking inch.

He still had his hand in my hair, pulling harshly to remind me who was in control. He bit my lip and began a series of short brutal strokes. Every one punched my G-spot with just enough pressure that each second I crept closer to an orgasm. An orgasm I could feel building and I was desperately chasing. I wanted it. Bad.

Blake's free hand slipped under my ass and angled me the way he wanted. That made every thrust nudge the neediest places deep inside me. I heard myself as if from far away, vocalizing with every jab: "Oh...oh...oh..."

I moved my hips to meet him, and he didn't correct me. I moaned like I was dying because I felt like I was—but what a way to go!

Blake's lips brushed the base of my throat, and then his teeth. Coupled with his deep, urgent thrusts, I felt myself losing control. Heat and pleasure built in my cunt and lower belly until I couldn't think straight.

"Come with me," he grunted in my ear. "Come with me, little girl."

I wanted to laugh and tell him he had it backwards. He was way younger than me. I was the big, bad wolf in this scenario, but looking up into those eyes, seeing that smirk, it certainly didn't seem true.

I could only nod.

"That's it. Come with me. I can feel you getting tighter. I can feel you squeezing me. I can feel all the way up inside you, little girl, and you're so fucking tight. And you're fucking mine. Mine all mine."

I gritted my teeth and then whispered, "Please. I can't..."

He kissed me, nipped my lower lip with his teeth, then pressed his lips to my ear and said, "Come with me. Now."

And I did. All of the pent-up tension and sweet ache unfurling down through me. Reaching my toes and soaking my limbs. Shutting down my brain until I was just there, shaking uncontrollably beneath him, the waves of my orgasm rocking me to the very center of my core.

I looked up at him and touched his face. "Wow."

He grinned at me, the dark urgency still in his eyes. "Wow."

"Can I buy you a drink?" I asked, catching my breath.

"Yes, you can. And then we'll revisit how you pushed me, Ellie."

I blinked, still shaking under him. "Okay."

"Okay, what?"

"Okay, Sir." 





LETTER OF THE MONTH

THE SEXIEST THING

Two couples push their limits and discover their lust has no bounds.

What's the sexiest thing you've ever done?" Ray asked me while we were getting dressed.

"You mean today?" I teased, thinking about the sex we'd had in the shower an hour earlier. Turning with him under the hot spray had been steamy—pun intended. He'd soaped me all over, rinsed me off with the massage spray, and then fucked me until I came like a powerhouse. My whole body trembled with the intensity of my release. I'd climaxed twice under his masterful manipulations, and I still felt relaxed and loose-limbed, the pleasure swimming through my veins.

"Sexiest thing of all time," he insisted. Then he cradled my face in his hand and looked straight into my eyes, as if hoping to make sure I'd understand. "Not you and me with the shower wand. Not us in the hot tub. But out of anything you've ever done. With any man."

Oh...so we were going to have this conversation. I'd been wondering when it would come up. Ray and I had been dating for almost a year. We'd told each other some of our most intimate secrets, but not all. He seemed to enjoy slowly uncovering these gems for himself, appreciating the way in which I'd tell him the story. Like the time I'd had a one-night stand with a pilot during a layover in Texas, and the time I'd kissed a chef when what I'd meant to do was send back my meal.

"Sexiest..." I repeated, mostly to give myself time.

"You know..." He moved behind me, zipped me into my figure-hugging black dress, and then nipped the back of my neck in that hot way he does, so that I felt a wicked shiver rush through me. I caught a glimpse of our reflections in the mirror

over my vanity. Ray's thick black hair was combed off his forehead. His face was cleanly shaven, still slightly pink from the heat of the shower. My blonde hair was up in a high ponytail, and I'd chosen a dramatic dark red lipstick, unlike the usual pale pink I wore daily. This close, I could breathe in the subtle cologne he'd put on, but the scent was so light I wouldn't have been able to smell it at all if he hadn't been rubbing up against me.

What time was it? Did we have a

"I LET MYSELF CRUISE ON THE WAY IT FELT TO BE FUCKED IN MY BED BY A DIFFERENT GUY."

moment to spare for a quickie?

I glanced at the clock on the bedside table. Our guests were due to arrive in minutes.

"The sexiest, sluttiest, dirtiest time," Ray continued. I could tell his cock was hard once again, and I saw him glance at the clock, too. Did we dare? Could we? Not if we were going to greet our guests wearing clothes. I pulled away from him. I didn't want to entertain Tonya and William looking totally disheveled. The fucking would have to wait until after dinner.

But Ray kept pressing. "Really, baby. What's the wildest time you've ever had? Don't hold back. I want to know."

"I'll have to think about that," I fibbed. I didn't have to think for a second. I knew my wildest time, and I relived it often in my mind when I was searching for a fantasy to arouse myself. That night had happened in Paris...

The tinkling sound of our front bell lilted into the room, and Ray winked at me. "Saved by the doorbell," he wisecracked. "You'll have to tell me later."

He went off to let in our guests. I gave myself a final once-over in the mirror and slicked another layer of lipstick on my pout. Later. Yeah. But how much later?

I smoothed my hands down my dress, turned off the overhead light, and hurried down the stairs. William and Tonya were my favorite of Ray's friends. I'd been looking forward to this evening all week. Now, I wondered if I might change the course of the night, give the wheel a hard pull to a road—or a bed—less traveled.

Dinner was delightful from the appetizers onward. We all got along so well together, as if we'd known each other for years. William and Ray worked together. Will was the kind of guy who put you instantly at ease. A good ten years younger than my husband, Will was nearly six-foot-four, barrel-chested and tough, but he had a warm smile that softened his he-man attitude. Tonya was a fresh-faced vixen, clearly built for sex—with long, racehorse legs and a tight, naughty body. She was a personal trainer who'd met William at the gym. She might have been intimidating if she hadn't been so funny. I'd learned that if there was a dirty joke to be told, Tonya would tell it.

Conversation and silly banter came naturally, but the whole time, I kept feeling Ray's bright gray eyes on me. He was thinking about what we'd started upstairs. So was I.

Why wait? I decided.



LETTER OF THE MONTH



Over our second glasses of wine, I found myself telling the story of my one and only foursome. At first, I couldn't believe I was sharing the words. It was as if the pinot had unlocked some part of my brain and my tongue was helpless. I simply had to continue. "We'd met these business students at an art gallery," I said. "Shelly and I. We were on our own. Neither one of us had boyfriends. We weren't looking for anything..."

"But you found it." That was Ray, who seemed astonished I was talking about sex at the dinner table. I'd always been fairly shy with his friends. But this evening I was pushing against that. I was changing everything.

"I guess that's when you find the best things," I responded. "When you're not looking." I thought of that night in the tiny gallery on the Seine. Shelly had spoken French far better than I did, and she'd accepted the invitation to dinner from these handsome younger guys. I'd stumbled through the meal, recalling what I could of my two years of college French, but mostly staring into the blue eyes of the boy I'd decided was mine.

On a tight budget, Shelly and I were sharing one hotel room. The two students

**"MY PUSSY WAS
STRETCHED WIDE
TO ACCOMMODATE
WILLIAM'S GIRTH.
IT WAS THRILLING."**

lived in a small apartment. We'd gone to our place in a noisy, little arrondissement, and the four of us ended up in bed. That episode was the most erotically charged night of my life—nothing had topped it before—and there had been nothing like it since.

Ray seemed mesmerized by my words. So did William and Tonya. William looked at Ray. "You've got a firecracker here, don't you?"

Tonya stared at me. I knew that she could kill the mood in a heartbeat if she wanted to. She could switch the conversation, say it was getting so late,

ask for a cup of coffee. Anything. She surprised me. She reached over the table, put one hand on top of mine and said, "I've never done anything like that."

I was a little shocked. We'd been out with William and Tonya on a regular basis, and I was sure she was someone who'd have tasted every last dessert item on the sexual menu. "I've always wanted to," she said intently, and I felt the heat coming off her. "But I never had the opportunity."

William cleared his throat. I imagined his cock was hard in his slacks. The room seemed magical right then, with the soft light of twisted ivory candles and low sounds from the stereo creating the perfect ambience. We were on the cusp of something magical and intense.

"What happened exactly?" Ray asked. "With those French guys?"

What had happened was that they'd taken turns. First, one had me, while the other took Shelly, and then we swapped. I hadn't even imagined things could be so dirty in bed. Up until then, I'd only been with by-the-book type guys. I'd done oral. I'd tried anal. But nothing even remotely kinky. After we'd each fucked one another, one of the French boys had suggested something daring. Shelly had translated for me. "He wants to blindfold us, and then we guess."

"Guess?" I'd whispered to her.

"Who's fucking who?"

I looked from one of the men to the other. I knew their names. I could sense their different lovemaking styles already. The blond liked to go slow. The redhead was more of a speed demon. Both had gotten me off. I told Shelly I was game, and she rummaged through her suitcase to find two scarves, coming up with a red one and a blue. Then we'd played along, trying to match the cock with the man. It hadn't mattered if we were right or wrong. That hadn't been the point of the game, but I remember feeling pleased when I'd shouted "Henri!" and was rewarded with "Oui!"

I was quiet for a moment, and then I realized everyone was quiet. The three other people in the room were staring at me openly. "That was the first time I was ever blindfolded," I told my dining partners, finishing my story and waiting to see what would happen next. Ray looked as if he might spontaneously combust.

"How have you kept this from me?" he asked. He didn't seem upset, simply curious.

I shrugged. I could have said the topic simply never came up. But it was more than that. I trusted him now. And I was interested in seeing how far we could take the evening, how far we might go. The four of us. Tonya tilted her head toward me. "I want to try that," she said. Her voice had gone husky. "I want to know what that would feel like."

"Have you ever?" William asked her.

It was a night of confessions, a night of coming clean. She shook her head. "I've closed my eyes when a man told me to. But I've never been blindfolded before."

I think Ray was the one to say that I owned a collection of vintage scarves. I think I was the one to snuff the candles. I slipped out of my heels and led the way to the bedroom. There wasn't any talking as we walked up the stairs. I believe we were all sort of shocked into silence about what we were going to do.

That was how we found ourselves in the bedroom, with a pair of scarves employed as makeshift blindfolds. Tonya and I both stripped down and lay side by side on the mattress, with our eyes masked by silk. I was so aroused; I felt as if I might be shooting silver sparks around me, flares of erotic electricity. I couldn't help myself. I reached out and held her hand. She squeezed mine back, tightly.

"What now?" she asked.

"Well," I said, "they strip, too, and then we have sex and try to guess..." I hesitated, wondering exactly how specific—or at least how explicit—I needed to be.

"Who is who?"



"Yeah."

"I'll know," she said confidently. "I know the way William feels inside me."

"Maybe they won't start like that," I said, and that's when they *did* start. I felt lips against the basin of my belly. Was it my man? Or was it hers? I had no idea who was kissing me, who was tracing his tongue around the butterfly tattoo that lives on the outside of my right hip, and I also didn't know what was going on

with Tonya and her partner. But I could tell whatever was happening had turned her on, because her grip tightened on my hand and she started to sigh.

I tried to imagine what the room looked like. We were two blindfolded women in a bed. The men must have been gesturing to each other silently so as not to give away which man was which. That's when I felt a cock nudging my pussy lips apart. Was it William's dick or

LETTER OF THE MONTH



Ray's? That's also when I realized I didn't care. I ought to have cared. This was a guessing game, after all.

Or was it?

The point might not have been to figure out who was fucking whom. The point might have been to let go, to flow and float on the current of pleasure building within me. Because I really no longer gave a lick about whether it was Ray or William. All I cared about was the cock in my cunt and the way that solid muscle felt within me. I groaned and twisted on the mattress.

A deep voice whispered, "Look at you."

That was Ray. He always sounds extra sexy when we fuck. But was he talking from above me or right next to me? Was he the man in me? Or was he fucking Tonya at my side but watching the emotions flicker across my face? All right then—what if he had been talking to Tonya instead of me? My mind whirled like this for a moment, and then I was suddenly pulled from

**"ALL I CARED
ABOUT WAS THE
COCK IN MY CUNT
AND THE WAY THAT
FELT WITHIN ME."**

my thoughts, because my lover had decided it was time for a new position. I found myself on my hands and knees. I guessed I was facing the headboard. I was instructed to hold on, and I reached out a hand and wrapped my fingers around the brass railing.

Then I was filled once more. It was a different sensation than before. But was that because I was in a new position? Or

had the men swapped sides? I guessed the latter. I took a chance and ran my hand between my legs, so that I could tug on the balls of my current lover.

Was it bad that I wasn't 100% sure... or was the wonder actually amping up my excitement? A small part of me refuted the mystery. "You know," my brain chided me. "That's not Ray inside you. Ray's cock is thinner, but a little longer. This is William. His dick is different. Nice and fat. And you can't smell Ray's cologne. If he was this close to you, you'd smell the spice of his aftershave."

I let myself cruise on the way it felt to be fucked in my bed by a different guy, right next to a woman who was being well cared for by my own man. How did I know she was pleased? Her sighs had grown in volume as the fucking had progressed. If Ray was treating her the way he does me, then Tonya was definitely in for a wickedly wonderful ride. I heard her cry, "Oh! Oh, yes!" and I guessed she was coming. I didn't spend too much time thinking about that, however, because I found myself teetering on the verge in seconds. Being filled so fully was intense. My pussy was stretched wide to accommodate William's girth. It was a thrilling sensation, this widening of my orifice. I'd never considered what it might feel like to be fucked by a really thick cock. When William added a new trick, tapping lightly on my clit in time with his thrusts, I whispered that I was coming.

I uttered the words as it happened. No warning. Just me exploding in a haze of lust and fire. My partner came next, filling me with a grunt and extending my own mystical orgasm with the way he pounded out his personal pleasure.

"You're so beautiful, baby," a deep voice said. It was Ray. I knew it was Ray. But he wasn't the one in me. I asked of the blindfold, "Can I take this off?" I needed to be free, needed to be me once more.

The scarf was pulled from my eyes,

and William moved back to give me some room, but instead of ending the evening's entertainment, that's when things got even more interesting. Tonya and I were both without our blindfolds. William's dick was shiny with my love juice. Ray's was wet with Tonya's. The two men stared at us, and we stared back.

It was as if we were all having the same thought at the same time. Tonya queried, "What do you think?"

"I'm game if they are," I said.

The boys took their places on the mattress. The only thing different for them? They didn't hold hands like me and Tonya. Maybe that would come after. Maybe one day, Tonya would wear a strap-on and fuck Ray while I did the same to William, and the men would grip one another's hands for moral support. But not that night. I put the blindfold on William, while Tonya did the same to Ray. Then, in a fit of total glee, I kissed her. She hadn't seen that coming—and truthfully, neither had I. The boys could hear us kissing across them. I felt William's hand rest on my back. He started to stroke me, then to rub my butt. I motioned to Tonya. She maneuvered a little bit, and in seconds, she was sitting on Ray's face while I took a similar position on William's. We let the men tongue us in tandem while we continued to make out.

Tonya got off first. I wondered if Ray had considered this a race of some sort. My man is nothing less than spectacular with his talented tongue. Somehow the combination of watching her get off and feeling William's tongue on my own clit worked in tandem to take me to my limits once more. I came like a wild thing, and I could not get over the fact that only an hour before, we'd been sipping from our glasses of wine and casually bantering in that way that couples do. A little light flirting, sure. Every once in a while a double entendre. But none of us considering that something like an orgy could ever be on the agenda.

I recalled that night long ago in Paris with my Shelly. We'd had such a fierce time during that all-night fling. But this was different. Not merely exciting because we were breaking down barriers, but thrilling because I felt deep within myself that this was the start of something new, something big and different. Whenever we went out with them in the future, we'd undoubtedly end up right back here. How could we not?

We now knew what we were capable of, how incredible we could make each other feel. There was no way we'd ever go back to being just friends again.

I ground my golden snatch against William's hungry mouth, and he flicked his tongue to scoop out all my honey. That's when I realized the sexiest, sultriest, sluttiest thing I'd ever do...was undoubtedly still in my future.

—M.M., Montgomery, Alabama





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LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

THE STARS ALIGN

A college boy gets the education of a lifetime from a hot older woman.

You have to come with us, man," Jesse said. "I don't have to do anything," I told him. "Don't make me beg." All the guys in my frat were doing Spring Break. "This is your last shot, Dave," Jesse insisted. "You'll always regret it if you don't go." As a senior, there were only a few months left in my "career" as a college guy. Then I'd have to face the real world. Get a real job. Be a real man. But not yet.

The two of us were drinking beer on the roof of the frat house. I'd just told Jesse that I shouldn't be so irresponsible. I ought to be putting my resume in order. He pointed up as a shooting star flickered across the horizon. "That's a sign!" he said. "The stars have aligned. It will be spectacular. I promise. Something you'll remember forever!"

"Fine," I said. Who was I to argue with the stars? Besides, I didn't want to be the only guy left at the house. The next day, I headed beachside with him and four other frat brothers. The truth was I'd been working my ass off—not only in my studies but as an intern at a movie studio and as a bartender at night.

Spring Break was exactly what I needed.

"The girls are insanely beautiful," Jesse said, recalling our destination as he relived past Spring Break experiences. I'd never gone. I'd always been buried under books or working. "They wander around in itsy-bitsy bikinis," Joseph added. "Like handkerchiefs. Hardly there at all. They want you to invite them to your room, peel the suits off and dive in."

I wondered what made these girls different from the college girls we hung out with on a daily basis. I asked this, and Jesse said, "Nothing's different

about the girls. It's Spring Break. That's what's different. Spring Break means *fuck normality*. Embrace your inner Greek god or goddess. Let it all go. Worries. Pressure. Melt with someone you'll never see again."

That wasn't really my speed, but I didn't say anything. Simply getting to a beach resort and drinking margaritas that I didn't have to pour myself would be vacation-worthy enough. The moment that thought crossed my mind is precisely when I saw her. We'd just pulled into

"I WANTED TO PULL DOWN THOSE CLASSY PANTIES AND SEE HER SNATCH."

the parking lot of the hotel where we were staying—six boys, one room, two beds. Math isn't my strongest subject, but even I knew that we'd be cramped. Stepping out of her car right next to us was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. The guys were unpacking the trunk, ogling different coeds who were strolling around the hotel pool. They were in the exact attire Joey had described: barely there bikinis. We had to check in, but the guys wanted to climb the fence and hit the pool right away. I could tell.

The redhead I had my eye on was taking a suitcase out of the trunk of her car. Her hair was loose and long,

rippling to the middle of her back. Every strand seemed to be perfectly in place, shining and glossy. Her skin was so pale, the type not to tan at all. She seemed cool compared to the perky coeds making so much noise poolside. Yet at the same time, everything about her was incendiary—from that fiery hair, to the red dress, to the high red heels. Even her suitcase was red! I thought my tongue might unroll out of my mouth, like in one of those cartoons. I wished I had a line, the type of dialogue you'd hear in a spy movie; I'd introduce myself in a suave, debonair—and perhaps British—accent, and she'd go all weak in the knees for me.

Although, honestly, she didn't look like the type to go weak.

The boys were as loud as fuck. Rowdy. Calling out to some of the girls. Did they recognize the coeds from campus? I tried to tune them out, staring at the vixen at my side. She didn't look our way once. But as she headed to the hotel lobby, I saw a scarf flutter from her purse and catch on the breeze behind her.

Without even hesitating, without telling my buddies where I was going, I walked away from them at a fast clip and grabbed the scarf. It was silky—crimson, of course—and dotted with white polka dots. I hurried after her, calling out, "Miss! Oh, miss..." but she didn't stop. I trailed after her into the lobby. The place was right on the beach. Pool to the side and sand through the lobby. She went to the front desk. I tripped over myself to get to her.

Then, when I'd reached her, I didn't know what to do. She was checking in. Should I interrupt her transaction? I held back, and almost without thinking, I brought her scarf to my face and inhaled.

Heaven. Whatever that scent was—

perfume, soap, her own true essence—I felt as if I were on the verge of floating away. That's right when she turned, having finished with the man behind the counter, and looked my way.

"Oh," I said, and then I didn't know how to finish the sentence. How do you explain to a perfect stranger that you want to make love to her? "You dropped this." I held out the scarf. She looked me up and down slowly. I'd never had a woman appraise me like that before. She practically manhandled me with her eyes. I stood straighter and pulled my shoulders back. I tried to recall what I was wearing. A crewneck T-shirt, right? In some type of blue. Jeans. We'd been driving for four hours. I hoped my hair looked okay. I know the college sorority girls have always found me attractive, but would she?

"Thank you," she said, plucking the scarf from my outstretched hand. "You'll do nicely."

What did *that* mean? Nicely how? Me? In what way? Her lips curved upward. It was as if she could read the thoughts fluttering through my mind. "My name's Sasha," she said. "It's been a long day. Would you like to have a drink with me in my room?"

Would I? Would I? "Oh, yes," I said. "I'd love that. I just have to tell my buddies where I am."

That didn't sound super adult. I wished I hadn't said that. She grinned. She didn't seem to mind. Instead, she handed me a spare room key, told me her number, and said she'd be waiting. I raced back to the car, told the guys they'd have to get started without me, and headed after her.

Jesse yelled, "I told you this would be a good week for you!" I heard Joseph saying, "I can't believe he's hooked up with some beach bunny already!"

I didn't bother to correct them. She was no beach bunny. She was so much more. A leopard, maybe. Or a panther. An animal that wouldn't waste time with sandcastles. I almost ran to the elevators,



pressed the "up" button and waited. What would I say when I got to her room? She wanted to have a drink. We'd have a drink. Then, maybe, we'd have another. Or she might let me kiss her. I was so lost in thought I didn't remember to push the floor button in the elevator. A couple got on and looked skeptically at me before pressing "seven." I broke my reverie and hit "ten."

She was a ten. A perfect ten. I almost said the words out loud. Then I remembered where I was and stifled myself. I thought of my friends, poolside, chatting up the girls in their two-pieces—the same types of girls we sat next to every day in classes or hung out with at the frat parties. The card I was holding and the room I was heading to—they were part of a brand-new adventure. Something I'd never experienced before. I was going to meet a...woman.

She'd given me the key, so I didn't even have to knock. But I took a moment outside her door to get myself together.

My heart was racing. My thoughts were coming too fast. Be cool, be calm, be suave. Too many instructions. I told my brain to shush. I would see what would happen. Even if we simply had a drink together, that would be exciting enough. Magical, I thought, to click my glass to hers, to toast the way her smile lit me up, the way...

The door opened. She stood there in a type of lingerie I'd never seen outside of a porno movie—shimmery, satiny, a color somewhere between champagne and bronze. The fabric looked as if it would be so soft to touch. How I wanted to find that out. She stepped back, and I stepped forward. This was a dance, and she was definitely leading.

"So what's your name?" she asked.

"Dave," I said, wishing it was Charlton. Or Harrison. Something fierce and strong.

"Dave," she repeated. She was tonguing the word, making it sound different than it ever had before. I had a

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▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

hard-on from the way she said my name. Well, I had a hard-on from everything about her. Could she tell I was erect in my jeans? This woman was the deep end, and I was floundering in the shallows.

She smiled at me as she had in the lobby, and then she licked her bottom lip.

I wondered if we'd discuss where she was from, what she was doing in town on Spring Break. Was she here on business? Almost everyone else in the place had to be there for the same reasons as me and my friends. I tried to guess how old she must be. Definitely 30s. Possibly early 40s. I've never been adept at figuring out a woman's age. When I'm bartending, I always card the customers. She was refined, elegant, so different from the coeds. Not because she was older, but because she had a deep power emanating from her. I wanted her to lead me to the bed, to take charge, to do all the things to me I'd ever fantasized about doing with a woman.

And I'd fantasized about a lot.

To my delight, she did just that. She took me by the hand and brought me right to the edge of the mattress. Then she sat on the bed and stared up at me. I considered reaching out to stroke her hair, to cradle her face, but I wasn't sure if I should make a move. I felt paralyzed, pulverized by my inability to act. Suddenly, she made everything better. She gave me a winning smile and said, "Dave? All I thought about on my drive today was finding a nice, solid hunk of a man and giving him the best blowjob I possibly could. Would you be interested in feeling my lips around your cock?"

I think I said yes. Everything in my body screamed yes. I know I nodded. I possibly moaned.

"Good," she said, "and then we can really get to know each other. But not until I've learned exactly how your dick tastes."

My dick was seriously thrilled at the prospect. She opened my pants, and

my erection bobbed up right in front of her face. "Lovely," she cooed, and she stroked the shaft with her fingertips. "Nice and hard. This is what I adore about college boys." Whatever else she might have added was muffled as she brought her mouth to my cock and started to suck.

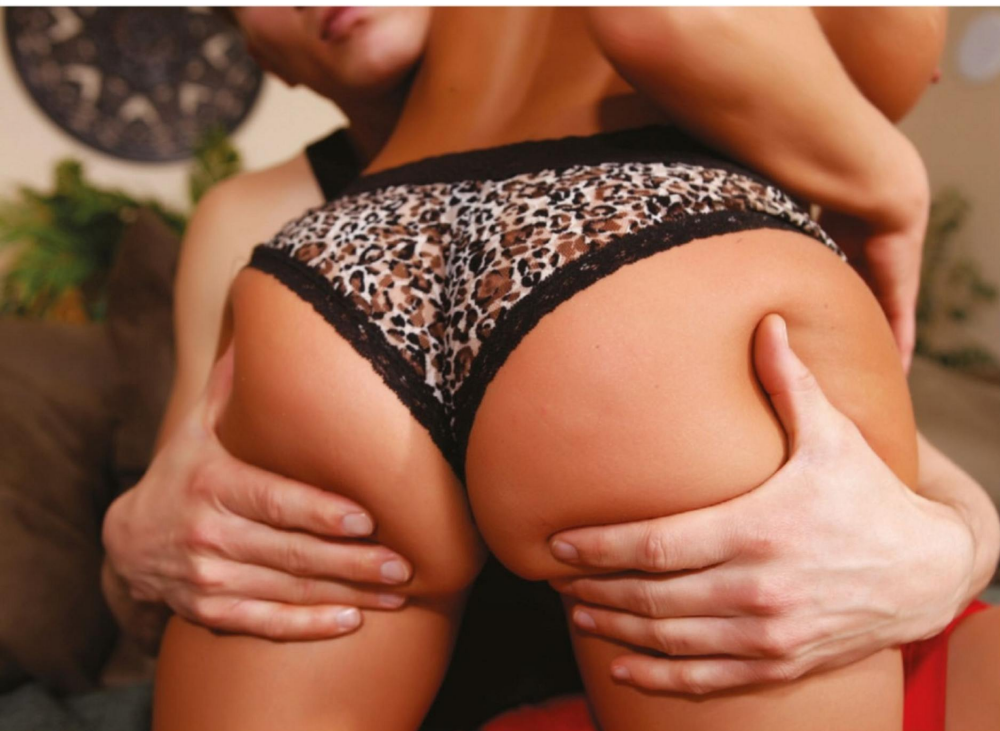
I was transported, my entire body tense and shaky at the same time. Every nerve ending, every fiber, felt as if it had just been plugged into an electric socket. Sasha's mouth was awesome. She licked me softly at first, but not tentatively. Never tentatively. The woman knew her way around a cock; she made that clear from the get-go. She took her time to roll the head of my dick between her scarlet lips, and then she proceeded to give me the best blowjob I'd ever had in my life.

I didn't ask for permission to touch her hair. I couldn't help myself. I started to stroke that long, fiery mane, and then I wrapped both hands in her tresses and tugged. Not too hard—I didn't want to pull her off me—but hard enough to let her know that she was having a powerful effect on me. When I got to the edge, I tugged her hair a little harder and said, "You're going to make me come."

She paused only long enough to say, "Yes."

"I mean..." I didn't want to be indelicate, but I felt I had to say the words in case she wanted to stop. "I'll come in your mouth if you keep doing that." Was that the correct etiquette?

"Precisely," she said, and she continued, thrilling me with the suction of her sweet lips. It's not that I'd never had a girl swallow before, but I'd never had someone blow me with as much gusto and enthusiasm as Sasha. She seemed to want to own every last drop, and she didn't stop sucking me until I felt entirely drained and she had me getting half-hard once more. My heart was pounding at a thrilling pace. This wasn't simply the woman of my dreams; this was the woman of every last X-rated fantasy I'd



“THE WOMAN KNEW HER WAY AROUND A COCK; SHE MADE THAT CLEAR.”

ever had in my whole life.

“Oh, yes,” she sighed as she moved back on the mattress. “That is why I love you college boys. Instant replay.”

I was simultaneously proud and embarrassed by her words. My rejuvenated dick wanted to be inside her, but I didn’t know how to start. In the past with girls, there’d always been something in common to talk about. The big game. The latest party. Who I knew that was fucking who she knew. With this woman, I was so far out of my league I didn’t know any of the ground rules. But she didn’t seem put off at all. She queried, “Do you want to undress me?”

I said yes as I reached for her.

“Slow,” she said. “You want to go slow when you take off a woman’s clothes.”

Nobody had ever told me that before. Had I ever stripped a lover before? I didn’t think so. My prior partners had undressed simultaneously with me. Or we hadn’t even bothered to take off all of our clothes, being in too much of a haste to get right down to business. Jeans down, panties pulled to the side.

But at her words, I did what she said. I slid the straps of her top off her shoulders. She smiled at me, giving me silent encouragement. For a moment, I was confused—up or down? She lifted the hem of her top slightly, giving me a hint, so I worked the shimmery fabric up and over her head. Then she was naked



to the waist, and I wanted to kiss her breasts. Would that be okay? Should I just go for it? I didn’t have the answers to any of my questions. Sasha took pity on me.

“Dave,” she said. “I was hoping to meet someone like you this weekend. I needed a man to make me forget everything else. What you’re doing is perfect. Slow and steady. I’m yours.”

That was all I needed to hear. I spread her out on the mattress, and I started to kiss her nipples. They were big and round, and I sucked hard until they made points.

“Now, pinch them,” she said, “but gently.”

I did exactly what she said.

“Does touching my tits make your dick hard?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Then keep touching them.”

I palmed her perfect globes. She moaned and sighed, letting me know with her sounds that I was turning her on. I brought a hand between her thighs, and I stroked her pussy through the barrier

of her shiny panties. She oohed at that and then lifted her hips a little off the mattress, encouraging me to go further. I was lost between her tits and her cunt. I wanted to caress her primo rack, but I also wanted to pull down those classy panties and see her snatch. Was she shaved? Was there bush?

“Go slow,” she reminded me, so I refocused my attention. Slow. Slow meant I should play with her breasts until she gave me a signal that she was ready for more.

I looked at her hungrily, and I said, “Can I fuck them?”

“Oh, yes, baby. Fuck my breasts.”

I stripped as fast as humanly possible, then straddled her and lined my dick up between her bouncy tits. She helped, cradling herself so that I could focus on my aim. The sensation was otherworldly. I’d never done anything like that with a girl before. Sasha let loose a low laugh as I sighed. I was transported.

“You think that feels good?” she whispered to me.

I nodded.

LETTERS

➤ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

"Then try down lower."

"Lower," I echoed.

"I want you in my pussy."

Christ, I loved the way she talked. So matter-of-fact. I slid lower, and I pulled her panties down, exactly as she'd instructed—slowly, so slowly, inch by inch. To my delight, she moaned her

**"THIS WAS THE
WOMAN OF EVERY
LAST X-RATED
FANTASY I'D
EVER HAD."**

loudest yet, letting me know I was doing something right. I could tell that she was turned on. Her shaved pussy lips gleamed with sex juices. Before I thrust inside her, I had to taste her. I asked for permission, which she graciously gave. Then I parted her nether lips and met her clit with my tongue. I didn't have a lot of experience in this arena, actually. But Sasha gave me pointers as I went, and I learned fairly quickly how she liked to be touched. I licked in small circles around the hot gem of her clit, and then I stuck my tongue deep inside her pussy to stroke her inner walls.

I felt when she came. It was extraordinary. Her muscles tightened and her hips raised and lowered on the mattress. She cried out my name, and my dick throbbed as if she had called for it specifically.

Now, it was time—finally time. I took her like this—simple, missionary-style. But it

wasn't simple at all. She wrapped her long legs around my waist and pulled me to her. I fucked her at a gentle pace at first, only speeding up when I couldn't help myself. The pleasure was too great. She rocked her hips forward and back, meeting my body with her own. Then, when she seemed to have reached new heights, she moved us. I went on my back, and she rode me, pushing against my chest with her palms and fucking me fiercely until I knew I was going to come again.

I think she saw the urgency in my eyes. She said, "Rub my clit. Fast. Hard."

I found her button with my fingers and stroked it as I came inside her. She climaxed simultaneously, gripping my rod with her tight muscles and extending my bliss as she made it her own.

"Holy fuck," I sighed as she slipped off me to curl up by my side. "That was..."

"Round one," she said, her eyes sparkling.

"Round one?" I echoed, thrilled but out of breath.

She dipped her fingertips into her pussy and scooped up a mixture of our juices. Then she spread the sticky liquid on my lips and licked my mouth clean before kissing me deeply. It was so dirty and sexy to taste our flavors combined. My dick sprang forward, letting me know it was ready again. Round one, she'd said. I wanted "round two." In fact, I never wanted this to end.

"So how long will you be in town?" I asked, her flavor lingering on my tongue.

"All week long."

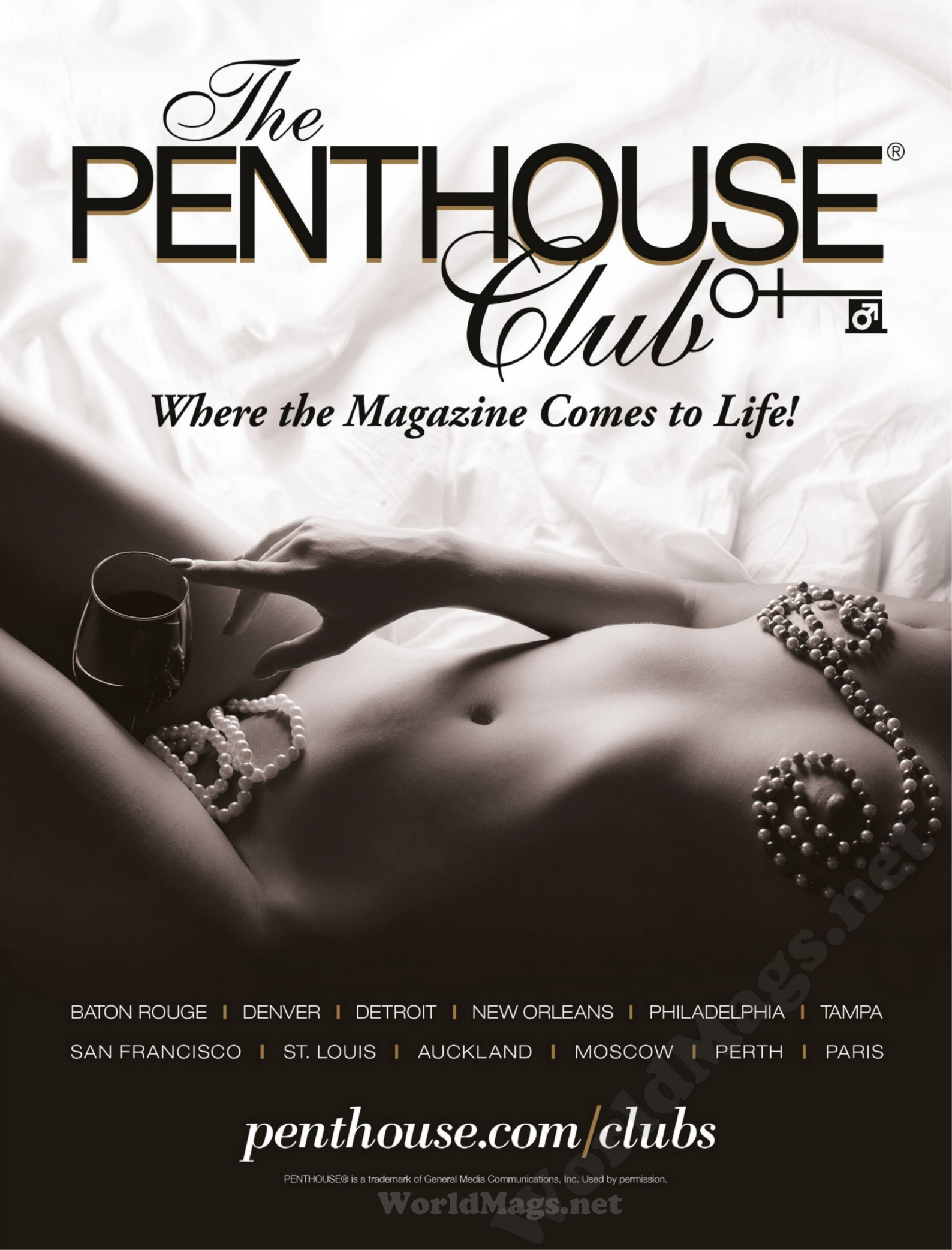
"Business?"

"Pleasure. All pleasure." She was squeezing my cock with her fist, milking me. I could hardly find the words, but I had to ask. "You booked a hotel during Spring Break for vacation?"

"I was hoping to get lucky," she said, grinning at me. The stars had definitely aligned, I realized. Not only did she get lucky...so did I. Over and over. All week long.

—D.B., Little Rock, Arkansas





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■ AGED TO PERFECTION

There was a downside to the sweet young tail I liked to prowl: drama. I was a fit, libidinous, intelligent career woman of 47. I had my shit together. But I also had a taste for college-age muff. My latest girlfriend was named Sandy. She was a sexy blonde with perky tits. I loved the feel of her tongue in my pussy and asshole, but unfortunately, she came with a lot of emotional baggage.

And she was unloading it on me that night at the club.

My eyes wandered away from our table, taking in the other women at the lesbian-friendly hot spot while she prattled on. Dance music thumped.

Sandy pounced. "See! You never pay attention to me!"

She went on like that, even though I'd reassured and coddled her through previous episodes like this one. Sandy was really making quite a scene this time, drawing numerous snickers and a few sympathetic looks.

Finally, I slapped the table. "Sandy, you're making up problems for us to have, and I'm sick of it. Either drop this or walk away."

Well, what did I expect? She teared up, screamed at me and stormed out. I sat alone, realizing I'd wanted her to go, that it was easiest way to end the relationship. I had to laugh at myself.

Still, I was going to miss that sprightly body and sweet-as-nectar pussy.

Someone set a cocktail down in front of me. I looked up, surprised. The club didn't have table service.

"Here. You look like you need this."

"I sure as hell do," I replied. "Thanks. Will you sit down?"

I got a good look at the woman as she did. I was startled to see she was my age. I recognized the skintight red outfit she wore. I'd seen her earlier gyrating on the dance floor, but I hadn't caught her face. She was very pretty, the fine lines at her eyes giving her an elegant look, like a portrait painted by a master. She had short dark hair, without a hint of gray in it. Her eyebrows arched over wise, knowing eyes.

"The young ones are fun in bed but a

handful everywhere else," she said wryly.

"Amen. I'm Stevie."

"Leigh." We shook hands. Hers was a strong grip. The dress left her gym-toned arms bare. She looked like she had an athletic figure.

Leigh nodded in the direction Sandy had gone. "Are you two seriously involved?"

I laughed again, a little less bitterly this time. "We were. But it's done now."

"Too bad." Leigh smirked, knocking back her own drink.

I took a slug of mine. "You don't sound like you mean it." I gazed at her tits where they pushed against her tight outfit.

"I don't. For purely selfish reasons I'm glad you're suddenly single." Her smirk became a predatory grin.

I felt hesitant. "I don't usually..." I started to say, then bit my lip, realizing I was about to say something that could easily be taken as offensive.

"Don't usually fuck women your own age," Leigh finished. "Well, honey, me either. But there's something about you that makes my cunt sing. I want to eat you out until you're writhing on my face and gushing your juice into my mouth."

I was stunned speechless, partly because I'd been thinking exactly the same thing about her.

Setting down my cocktail, I stood from the table. "Let's get out of here."

We went to her place because it was closer. We were mauling each other before we even got out of the car in her driveway. We kissed like horny teenagers, tongues tangling wildly. I groped her tits through the dress, ready to rip the red thing off her. She tweaked my nips through my silk top, causing me to moan in her mouth.

Eventually, we stumbled into her house, practically humping each other as we crossed the threshold. I was so hot for her I couldn't believe it. Even Sandy at her sexiest best hadn't driven me this out of my mind. Maybe it was because I'd been with girls for so many years. That





night I was with a woman.

Leigh and I tore at one another's clothes, right there in the foyer. The red dress dropped away, revealing a taut body. She wore red stockings. I pushed her against a wall and sucked on one tit, then the other. Leigh growled with pleasure and finished getting me out of my clothing. I wore fishnet thigh-highs. She squeezed my bare ass.

We made it to the living room. There, she shoved me onto a plush couch and dove on top of me. I loved the feel of her muscular body atop mine. We kissed again, deeper this time, trying to reach for the other's tonsils with our tongues. I clutched her fine ass and pulled her crotch hard against my own. I felt the waiting slickness of her pussy. I could smell our rising commingling sexual scent.

Leigh squirmed on top of me, plucking at my tits. She kissed her way down my neck, and then went at my nipples with her teeth. I arched my back, shoving my tits at her mouth. As she nibbled away, excitement coursed through me.

Soon she was moving farther down my body. I opened my legs, quivering with anticipation. The gelled tufts of her dark hair tickled the insides of my thighs as her head settled in between them. I felt her breath on my moist pussy. Mewling with need, I watched her take her first lick of me.

My whole body jumped, every nerve ending gone electric. She skillfully traced my folds with her tongue tip. I'd had to teach a lot of young amateurs the finer points of pussy-eating. I wouldn't have to do anything like that with Leigh.

My knowledgeable new lover spread my cunt lips with her fingers. I groaned at the feel of her tongue again as it slithered inside me. I lifted my ass off the deep cushions, thrusting my pussy at her face. She speared me deeper, slipping a finger in beside her tongue. She teased my throbbing clit.

When she added a second finger, my

"I GROANED AT THE FEEL OF HER TONGUE AGAIN AS IT SLITHERED INSIDE ME."

hips started to buck as if of their own will. I humped her mouth. My fingers clawed the couch. Pleasure danced all up and down my body. I crushed my fishnet-clad thighs around her exquisite face and cried out, "Oh, fuck yeah, I'm coming!"

She slurped and finger-banged me through a stunning orgasm that ignited every nerve in my body. The bliss swept through me, but it didn't deplete me. At the end I felt new energy, a stronger surge of pure animalistic lust.

I reached down and pulled Leigh back up on top of me. I kissed her so I could taste my pussy juice on her tongue, then I said, "Get up on my face, you hot bitch."

She grinned and complied, moving up to straddle my face. She lowered that glistening gash onto my waiting mouth. I cupped the tight swells of her ass. She impaled herself on my tongue. Her wetness spilled over my lips. Maybe I was imagining it, but she tasted like fine wine to me, aged to perfection.

I drilled my tongue up into her. I sought out her clit. She reached down for a

handful of my hair and started grinding on my face, really working her hips. I flicked my tongue in and out of her tasty cleft, shifting her enough so I could get at her asshole. I licked out her delicious backdoor, going from butt to cunt and back again.

Leigh came with a howl. I slaked my thirst with her juices, her fragrant wetness filling my throat. Finally, she levered herself off, looking dazed. Then she grinned at me. "Wanna go to the bedroom?"

I hopped up, and we headed down the hall with our arms around each other, trading pussy-flavored kisses. Her bed was big and luxurious. I lay on it as she went to a cabinet. "You okay if I strap on?" she asked with a knowing look.

It was like she already knew my answer.

"Hell yes."

Sandy and a number of my previous young lovers had been skittish about strap-ons, as if the toys were some weird betrayal of femininity. I just enjoyed them. Anything that made sex even more fun was fine by me.

Leigh approached, with the rubber cock bobbing from her pelvis. She looked beautiful and confident. I spread my legs, my pussy tingling anew. "Hands and knees," Leigh said with a grin.

I obeyed, making myself ready to for her to take me doggy-style. I looked over my shoulder as she knelt behind me. She had lubed up the round head of the dildo. In a minute I understood why. She rubbed the fake cockhead in a teasing circle around my buttock. "Which one you want me to fuck?"

LETTERS

➤ GIRL MEETS GIRL



A naughty delight rippled through me. Anal sex was something else many of my younger partners had been reluctant to try. I gave in to my craving, saying, "Fuck my ass. Fuck it hard!"

Leigh's strong hands gripped my hips. She slowly slid the rubber cock into my asshole. I felt myself opening, felt the special pleasure of backdoor penetration. I sucked in air through my teeth.

She stopped immediately. "Does it hurt?"

I liked her almost professional courtesy. "Not at all!"

The spearing of my butt continued. I rocked back against her, taking more of the dildo into me. My butt hole hummed with joy. Carnal bliss awoke in the deepest parts of me, roiling all through my body.

Bracing myself with one hand, I fingered my pussy with the other. Leigh sank her cock all the way in. She announced, "Hang on for a wild ride!" and started stroking in and out of me.

The pleasure built. Every time I thought I had reached a plateau, a new level of rapture would come along, adding to the gathering zenith. She plowed me deep and hard, and I relished every inch of that

"SHE PLOWED ME DEEP AND HARD, AND I RELISHED EVERY INCH OF THAT RUBBER COCK."

rubber cock as my slick fingers worked in my cunt.

Leigh pounded me. She yelled out, "I'm fucking your sweet ass, bitch!" and other dirty endearments. I realized she, too, was nearing orgasm, almost like the strap-on attachment were real and she was about to spurt jizz in my ass.

Suddenly, pleasure twisted me out of control. Love juice spilled over my fingers. Ecstasy flamed through my body. My climax overtook me, and everything went red again, then a bright white. Then it faded to a soft pink, and I was lying next to Leigh. We held each other gently,

two finely aged sexual warriors who were afraid of nothing.

She kissed my cheek and murmured, "I can't remember the last time some young thing let me fuck her ass."

I said, "Kids these days," and we both laughed.

—S.T., Charleston, South Carolina

■ SWEET PIECE

I was working the sample stand for the bakery. It was set in the busier part of the mall. My job was to offer tiny samples of our most popular baked goods. Once I'd hooked some poor sugar junkie in, I was to give them a coupon and direct them to the actual bakery.

A gorgeous older woman walked up to me, and I forgot my line of "Would you like to try a treat?" My tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth due to the fact that she had on a snug pencil skirt and a formfitting blouse, which highlighted her stunning curves. Her black hair was styled in an elegant updo.

"Don't you want to offer me something?"

My heart? My soul? My body? A combo deal of the three.

Instead of saying any of that, I managed a dry: "Would you like a treat?"

She leaned in so I could see her eyes were the most magical shade of whiskey. "I would..." She stared at my tits, and I forgot how to breathe. I realized she'd been reading my nametag when she said my name.

A high nervous laugh burst out of me, and I prayed for death on the spot. No need, though, it seemed. She traced a lacquered fingernail down the back of my arm, and I shivered.

"Weren't you here the other day, too?"

I nodded. "I work at the bakery. They put me out here a lot."

"Because you're cute."

My cheeks caught fire, and I had to

look away in a vain attempt to hide.

"I'm Constance. And I'd very much like to see you outside your bakery uniform."

I blinked. Did she mean straight-up naked? The question must have been written all over my shocked face.

She tilted her head back and laughed long and loud. "I meant: Can I buy you a coffee after your shift? I get off in a few hours. I work at the jewelry store."

"I have two hours left."

"What do you know! Me, too. I'll come by and get you. We can go to the fancy coffee place on the first floor."

I nodded, not sure I'd survive until then. Now that I'd seen her and talked to her and knew she wanted to see me, I was wet inside my jeans. And my brain was scrambled.

"Sure."

Brilliant.

"I'll see you then." She leveled a finger at me and winked. "I'll be back."

And then I was laughing again like a lunatic, wondering how the next two hours would go because it sort of felt like time had stopped.

I needn't have worried, though, because it was a busy afternoon. I clutched my barren tray as I hurried back to the bakery. I was still a little shell-shocked after watching two old women argue quite violently over the last cube of free pound cake.

When someone grabbed my arm I gasped, only to realize it was Constance. "Hi, sexy," she murmured.

I smiled and shook my head. "Oh, no. Not me."

"Oh, yes, you."

"You ready?"

"One minute. I have to turn in my tray and hat, and clock out."

"I'll be waiting."

I practically shoved the tray at the girl coming on shift and tossed her the hat. I slammed my timecard in the slot and waited for it to register. Then I grabbed my jacket and bag, bolting before my boss could give me any last minute



bullshit busy work to do.

"Coffee?" she asked.

I nodded.

Then she wrapped her hand in my long hair and tugged me to her in the middle of the chaos. She kissed me full on the mouth, her soft, wet tongue touching mine. An electric shock ran through me, and I sighed against her lips.

"I wanted to get that out of the way first so we wouldn't be wondering about it the whole time. Now, about that coffee—"

She'd made me brave. I grabbed the front of her shirt and yanked her in for another kiss. Then I went one step further. "My car," I said. "It's big, it's old, and it's got a monster backseat. It's all the way at the back of the lot."

"Because that's where the mall makes

us peons park," she said, grinning.

I grabbed her warm hand and tugged her along. "Let's go."

"I had no idea you'd be so ballsy," she said, pressing her lips to my ear so I could hear her over the din.

"Me either!"

Once at my car, I unlocked the door and let her climb in first. Then I slid in after her. The moment I was seated, she shoved her hands in my hair and kissed me. I did the only thing that came to mind, I grabbed her shoulders and kissed her back.

"How about you take those jeans off?"

I nodded even as she popped the button herself. I slid my hand up under her skirt when she kissed me again and found her without panties.

LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

"I took them off before I came to get you. A girl can hope..."

I sighed and pushed my middle finger into her pussy. She was as tight and wet and molten as I'd imagined.

"That's good. Add another..."

I did, fucking her slow and deep. She moaned against the side of my neck and then pulled away. "Pants. Off. Now."

Together, we pushed my trousers down, and she shoved me back on the seat. Then she straddled my head and pushed her pretty face between my thighs.

"We're good, right?" she asked, as she touched her tongue to my clit.

Heat and need and pleasure flooded through me, and I managed a bark of laughter and to say, "Um, yeah! We're good. Don't stop."

She went at me then with an expert tongue. Her fingers pushed inside me, and she jammed them into me over and over until I was thrusting up beneath her. Her tongue drove into me and then painted patterns on my clit.

I couldn't get enough of the taste of her. For every flick of the tongue she gave me, I gave her two. She tasted like sweetness and fruit. When I pushed

my fingers back inside her cunt, I felt her walls tighten. I jammed two fingers inside her and curled them against the suede patch of her G-spot. That's when I focused on her clitoris. Seconds later, she surprised me by coming. Her juices flooded my mouth, but I lapped up every last drop.

Constance positioned her face between my legs and put her mouth back on my pussy. She sucked my clit over and over again until I was gasping, and then she suddenly switched to gentle licks. I came with a cry that was damn near deafening inside the car.

**"I JAMMED TWO
FINGERS INSIDE
HER AND CURLED
THEM AGAINST
HER G-SPOT."**

"Where's my bag?"

I reached down to find her purse on the floor and handed it to her.

She rummaged around in the gigantic black tote until she pulled out a purple strap-on dildo. My mouth popped open.

"If you're not into it, I get it." Her eyes were eager as she awaited my response.

I shivered there, splayed on the old vinyl bench seat as I watched her maneuver the toy's harness, attaching it to her hips so I could see the full effect. Then she was between my legs, staring down at me.

I grabbed her leg and urged her closer.

"What are you waiting for?"

"I'm just looking at you," she said.

"Stop."

"Why?"

I shrugged. "Why are you looking?"

"Because you're pretty."

I said nothing because my default was to argue. But in this instance I didn't want to.

"Fuck me," I said instead.

She nodded, sliding the end of the cock against my clit until I moaned. When I raised my hips and grabbed her hair, she laughed and thrust into me.

I hooked my legs around her back as she fucked me and kissed me. They were hard, deep and intense kisses that made me forget the crazy crowds and the loudness and the bright lights and having to park 70 miles away from the mall.

I moved up to take her, loving the way the toy felt sliding inside me and feeling the base of her cock brush my clit over and over again with each inward lurch. Constance gasped so I knew she was enjoying our coupling, too. No doubt some little notch or nubbin inside the harness was tweaking her own desperate clit.

"I'm going to come," I said.

I thrust up from beneath her and then did it again. Every time she drove into me, the motion nudged me a little closer to climaxing.

Constance stopped entirely for a



moment and pushed her hands into my hair. She kissed me roughly and then bit my lower lip. When I groaned, she began to move again. Rocking, thrusting and sliding until I was crying out and coming.

"Over, over," she insisted, prepping to move me.

Constance was strong. She flipped me over fairly easily and placed me on my hands and knees. Then the cock was back, sliding into me easily because my cunt was drenched. She gripped my ass cheeks tightly as she drove into me over and over again, her tempo increasing.

"Jesus. I'm going to come soon. This thing is good. And we're good," I said on a groan.

She slapped my ass once hard, and I yelped. "It's all good," she said, laughing.

I pressed my head to the seat and slipped my hand beneath my body to stroke my swollen clit. I moaned loudly, hoping no one was near the car but not really caring. The windows were fogged, so hopefully to the outside world we were nothing more than colorful blobs in motion.

I stroked myself fast and hard as she fucked me, and when I was right on the verge, she hissed, her fingernails digging into my skin.

"Fuck, baby girl, I'm coming."

That's all I needed to hear. Her words tipped me right over into another fast, sudden orgasm.

"I wish I could feel that for real," she said softly.

"Fingers next time," I said.

"Next time?"

Then I was blushing all over again.

"Sorry."

"Don't be. I'd like a next time." She plopped down next to me, her big purple dick standing straight up. We both laughed. "How about that coffee?"

"Sure."

"Then maybe my place so we can do this again."

I grinned. "Sure."

-M.H., Helena, Montana



MILF PLAYDATE

I was headed out the door to drop off my daughter at a sleepover when my cell phone chimed. Sadie, a casual friend of mine, and her kid needed a ride to the same party. She only lived a few blocks away, and her quick, sarcastic humor always got a laugh out of me, so I typed out a quick, "No problem."

Sadie was so grateful she insisted there must be some way to repay me. "Maybe we can do something together after we drop off the girls?"

I smiled, thinking that maybe I wouldn't be spending the entire evening alone, after all. I suggested Sadie bring a bottle of wine, and we could hang out at my place.

Half an hour later we were sitting in my living room, laughing while we indulged in dark chocolates and tart red wine. Sadie popped a truffle into her mouth and closed her eyes, her face relaxing on a delighted little sigh.

"The hazelnut is sinful," she purred. "Have you tried it?"

I shook my head no. My mind was still stuck on the look of bliss that spread across Sadie's face while she sucked on the chocolate. I wondered what other things made her moan with pleasure.

"Try the cherry," she insisted. She unwrapped another treat and placed it between her teeth, wrapping her lips around the center and leaning toward me.

I took the not-so-subtle hint. I advanced slowly, my tongue pressing against the chocolate and melting the

silky-smooth candy shell.

Sadie's lips closed on a crack in the candy, splitting it wide open. Syrupy-sweet liquid filled my mouth, sliding down the back of my throat. Sadie's tongue pressed against my lips, taking delicate little tastes. I opened to her, parting my lips to invite her inside.

Her tongue tangled with mine, warm and insistent. We reclined on the couch, making out wildly, the chocolate and wine completely forgotten. Sadie's hand trailed along my thigh, swooping along my hip and the curve of my waist before palming one of my breasts.

I sighed and Sadie seized the opportunity to take the kiss deeper. She plundered my mouth, tasting and taking. My mind was still adjusting to this quick turn of events, processing the moments that took us from small talk to tonsil hockey. Then Sadie's fingers gave my nipple a pinch through my top and my mind became magically blank.

Sadie broke our kiss and sat up, her thighs still straddling mine. "You have a little chocolate on you," she said with a smile. Her tongue swept across my upper lip. "Got it."

"Thanks," I whispered.

For a brief moment, I felt shy, but I quickly recovered. I trailed my fingers along the hem of her shirt, eagerly awaiting the opportunity to slide beneath.

"Can I ask you something?" Sadie queried with a sly look on her face.

"Of course," I said.

"When was the last time you did something simply because you wanted to? It's been too long for me."

LETTERS

➤ GIRL MEETS GIRL

I paused ever so briefly to mull her question, but Sadie didn't really give me time to respond before interjecting playfully, "Do you want to do me?"

Her words emboldened me. My fingers slid from the hem of her shirt to the apex of her toned thighs. I stroked the sensitive spot where her legs met her pussy, loving the way her breath hitched with every touch.

"More than I've wanted anything in a long time," I replied.

A big smile lit up her face. "Then you can have me." She leaned over, reaching for her bag on the floor next to the couch. "The wine isn't the only thing I brought," she said, rummaging in her purse and pulling out a thick double-ended dildo.

My eyes grew wide. I'd never actually used a toy before, but I sure as hell wanted to try this one! Sadie placed the dildo on the coffee table next to us.

"That's for later—after we're all warmed up and have gotten more comfortable."

Sadie's fingers slipped beneath the hem of my sweater, rolling the material up so that the wool tickled my belly and breasts before settling over my eyes. The sweater formed a band around my head and my biceps, pinning my arms against my head so that my hands dangled helplessly over the arm of the couch.

Sadie twisted open the front clasp on my bra, and the weight of my breasts forced the cups to the side. Silky lace panels slid across my ribcage, creating a delicious tingle that resonated in my core.

"We're both wearing too much clothes," Sadie murmured.

Though I couldn't see, I could certainly feel. Telling me not to move, Sadie popped the button on my jeans and gently worked the fabric over the curve of my ass. The wet heat of her lips pressed to the front of my panties, making my hips buck.

Sadie giggled with delight. "Ooh, somebody is impatient."

The denim tickled my skin as she tugged the pants down my legs. Once my ankles were free of the material, her weight shifted, and I realized I was alone on the couch. Within seconds, she'd returned, her bare skin brushing against mine.

Sadie settled her knees on either side of my hips, giving me a little squeeze as she worked my sweater the rest of the way off. Once I was naked, she planted a soft kiss on my lips before sliding down my body and taking one of my nipples between her lips. Heat coursed through my veins as the lips of her pussy splayed against my thigh. She rubbed her silky flesh along my skin, emitting little mews of pleasure.

Her teeth grazed my nipple while her clit pulsed against my thigh, demanding attention. I bent my knee slightly, angling my thigh and pushing it harder against Sadie's pussy. She groaned her approval against my breasts, continuing to lick and suck her way around my nipples while her hips rocked and writhed.

Sadie kissed a path from one nipple to the next, suckling and sliding along the sensitive skin and making me tremble.

"I love your breasts," she murmured, nibbling her way along the underside of my boobs. "They're so full and round. I love feeling the weight of them."

Her praise only added to the fire I felt burning inside me. Then she slipped her fingers beneath my panties and I gasped, lifting my hips to intensify her touch. Sadie's delicate fingers settled over my clit, pressing softly before circling the sensitive bud.

Sadie worked my pussy until I could feel the wetness of my arousal seeping through my panties. I was writhing beneath her, desperate to come. She slid down my body once more, settling at my knees before tearing my panties off my body. Her lips closed around my clit, her subtle suction making me pulse with pleasure.

Sadie's tongue flicked against against



me in a maddening rhythm while her lips massaged the bud. She slipped a finger between my folds, fingering my pussy and adding a new sensation to an already thrilling night. With another flick of her tongue, all of my muscles grew tight. It was the most delicious agony I've ever experienced. And just like that I shattered into a thousand tiny pieces, my chest heaving as I struggled to take a breath. Even as my orgasm crested, Sadie kept massaging my clit, drawing out my pleasure until I was boneless and panting.

Sadie kissed me deeply before murmuring, "I love the way you taste, but now it's my turn."

She grabbed the double-headed dildo from the table, then reclined on the couch. She pressed the thick head of the toy to her entrance, stretching her sex before finally sliding the shaft inside. Her lips parted on a sigh, and she pumped the dildo in and out, making the sturdy shaft slick with her arousal.

Sadie wrapped her fingers around my wrist, pulling me up so I sat facing her. She settled her hand on my lower back, urging me closer before pressing the free end of the dildo to my pussy. She circled the tip of the toy against my clit, tilting her head back because the subtle movement brought her pleasure as well.

"Scoot your hips closer to me," she whispered.

I did as she asked, groaning as the dildo penetrated me. I forced my eyes open, wanting to watch her while we found our pleasure together.

Sadie started rocking her hips. Every thrust made the dildo surge forward inside me. I was already overcome by a thousand new sensations crackling across my body, but once I grew accustomed to the toy's girth stretching me wide, I rocked my hips forward, working hard and fast to meet Sadie's thrusts.

It was unlike anything I've experienced before. The dildo slid in and out with



"SADIE'S DELICATE FINGERS SETTLED OVER MY CLIT, PRESSING SOFTLY."

ease, massaging the deepest recesses of our undulating bodies. I fought to keep the rhythm, my body warring between relaxing into bliss and thrusting to intensify those feelings.

But Sadie took charge, bucking her hips hard so the dildo slammed against my G-spot. I groaned with abandon. The pulse from my pussy seemed to spread to the rest of my body, making every nerve ending tingle.

"You like that," Sadie asked.

Forming words was difficult, but I managed to croak out a "yes." Then Sadie thrust again and stars exploded before my eyes. Even as ecstasy tried to claim me, I kept rocking my hips, intent on keeping the sensations going for as long as possible. My pussy quivered with every thrust, gripping and releasing the dildo we shared between us.

From the look on Sadie's face, I could tell she was close to climaxing.

"Come on, Lola, give it to me," she cried. "Fuck me," she moaned, her voice echoing through my body. "Fuck me hard."

I dug my elbows into the couch and angled my hips up so that I could rock against her more forcefully.

"Yes," Sadie screamed. "Yes, just like that!"

The new position pushed the tip of the dildo right against my G-spot, nearly sending me over the edge without Sadie. My breath came in short little bursts, making it difficult to keep pace, but one final thrust made Sadie's world shatter. She moaned loudly, gripping her breasts as though they were her last lifeline to earth. Watching her come was all I needed to find my own release. I climaxed once more, joining her as our body-shaking orgasms consumed us.

It was an amazing night. And though our lives are pretty busy, we meet up and fuck each other senseless every chance we get.

-L.V., Dallas, Texas

Have you dabbled in the pleasures of Sappho? Share your tale of titillation by mailing your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department GG, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Sometimes we would have a little trouble with Judy's young prey. It wasn't the usual hiccup my wife and I had encountered in the past, where the third party was too shy or hung up to have sex with her while I watched. We'd been doing this for years, enjoying our lifestyle, but now we were both in our late 40s, and sometimes the young men she wanted were hesitant about screwing a woman twice their age.

It was a stupid misgiving, I thought. Judy's features were as sculpturally beautiful as the day I met her. Her body was trim and taut. She oozed with desirability, and if I'd been a 20-something I would have fucked her silly given a single come-hither look from that sexy woman.

But Cody, the strapping undergraduate working for us as a landscaper, wasn't responding to Judy the way we both would have liked. I didn't feel any sexual desire toward him myself, nor had I for any of the other men my wife had been with, but I appreciated what a healthy specimen the young male was.

He had thick dark hair, his face rugged. His shoulders were solid, limbs agile. In the late spring heat, he worked in a sweaty muscle-hugging T-shirt, cutoffs and work boots. He was landscaping around our big backyard pool. He was good at what he did. But when Judy came out for her afternoon swim, pausing to talk flirtatiously with him while I watched from an upstairs window, Cody always kept his replies short and his eyes on his work.

I would have thought it impossible not to ogle my wife in her bikini, all that supple flesh on display, her firm tits barely covered and her exquisite ass molded by her snug suit. She would dive into the pool and swim laps, exhibiting her stamina and grace. But somehow Cody



managed to ignore her, though I had an instinct he was well aware of her vibrant presence.

I was more frustrated by the standstill than Judy was. She laughed when I griped one evening about Cody's lack of response.

"He'll come around," she said confidently. "I can see him fighting down a hard-on every time I take my noontime dip."

I had an office on the second story of our posh home. The next day I watched for Judy to emerge for her swim. Cody, as usual, was hard at work.

But Judy apparently was done messing around. She came out wrapped in a terry cloth robe, called an offhand greeting to Cody, and dropped the garment—revealing her completely naked body. It stunned even me, who was familiar with every lovely centimeter of her.

She stretched and dove into the water, and the whole time Cody was gawking at her, the landscaping forgotten. Even from my lofty viewpoint, I could see a hard-on was indeed tenting his cutoffs. I waited eagerly at the window for the inevitable proceedings.

Judy swam a couple of laps, and I beheld the glory of her bare ass cresting the water. Cody, still gaping, came to the

edge of the pool as she emerged, her springy body dripping and glistening in the sunlight.

I always watched Judy from a remote vantage when she engaged with her young lovers, and this was my favorite way to do it, looking out the second-story window of my comfortable room while she frolicked poolside. I felt my own cock already stirring in anticipation.

But there was some kind of hitch below. Though I couldn't hear them, Cody was gesturing apologetically while Judy appeared to be speaking reassurances to the dark-haired young man. Finally, she looked directly up at my window and waved for me to come down.

I did, puzzled. As I came out to the pool, Judy said, "He doesn't believe this is okay with you. He wants to hear you say it."

I looked straight at Cody. His eyes were wide, his body quivering with barely held need. Obviously, he wanted to fuck Judy.

Very sincerely I said, "Fuck my wife, please."

Judy grinned her thanks at me, grabbed Cody's hand and drew him toward a chaise longue. I meant to retreat back upstairs, but some impulse told me

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to stay put. Judy was tugging Cody out of his scant clothes. His cock sprang out, fiercely hard. She gave it a firm squeeze, and his whole body jumped, revealing every toned muscle.

She sat on the padded lounge and tugged him forward by his meat. When he stood before her, she cupped his balls and moved her mouth toward his waiting member. A look of blissful disbelief overtook his face as her tongue swirled around his thick purple cockhead.

Her lips closed over him. Her cheeks flattened as she applied some of her exquisite suction. Inch by inch she swallowed his staff, not pausing until her nose was buried in his black curls.

I settled onto a stone bench. It was strange to be this close to the action, to hear the slurp of Judy's mouth and catch Cody's answering grunts. I felt more of a participant in the act, though in the past I had very much liked being the distant observer.

Judy milked his balls while she sucked. I saw Cody's ass bunch every time she gave his nutsac a friendly tweak. I knew she was applying just the right amount of pressure to bring his excitement toward a boil.

Her mouth lifted and dropped on his shaft. She turned and twisted as she went down on him, thereby working him at changing angles. His shaking hands landed on her shoulders, then moved to



her head. Hesitantly, his fingers wound into her blonde hair.

Fuck her face, I thought, knowing how much she liked that. By now my cock was throbbing, the thrill of the moment filling me.

Finally, he sank his strong fingers into her hair and started stroking into her mouth. Judy met his thrusts fearlessly, deep-throating every lunge and sucking him right down to the hilt.

His grunts turned to growls, then outright cries of pleasure. I thought of his cockhead sinking into my wife's throat and felt that special exhilaration that only an understanding relationship like ours could possibly provide.

Judy wasn't letting him go. She blew him relentlessly. He was face-fucking her helplessly, his hips going into overdrive as he passed the point of no return. I watched his muscular body go stiff, like he'd been hit with electricity. Judy's eyes rolled up into her head as she savored his load.

She showed me his cream on her tongue before swallowing it with a jungle-cat smile. Then she reclined on the chaise and spread her legs.

He was hers now, even if he wasn't completely aware of it. I had seen Judy coax young men into performing all sorts of sexual feats for her entertainment and satisfaction. But at the moment all she

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appeared to have in mind was getting her pussy eaten.

Cody eagerly complied, squirming in between her thighs, his butt bare to the sun as he lowered his mouth to her golden mound. Judy's fingers tightened on the arms of the lounge, and she let out a familiar purr of pleasure. I had a nice line of sight on the action and noted that Cody's technique was good. He used long strokes of his tongue to further moisten her already damp cleft. Then he parted her slick folds with two fingers and jammed that tongue in deeper.

Judy bared her teeth, making a catlike mewl. Her hips started to wriggle on the padding. Even from my bench I could pinpoint the instant when he homed in on her clit. The act jolted her, making strong tendons stand out on her flawless skin.

She grabbed hold of his thick hair and started mashing her pussy hard against his mouth. He continued to delve her deeply. His face flashed with her wetness. His avid, snuffling groans carried to my ears. I noticed his cock becoming erect again.

"Yes!" she shouted. "Drink my juice, baby!"

Cody obeyed, though I doubt anybody could have stopped him from trying to swallow every drop of love sauce gushing from my wife's pussy. She writhed as she climaxed, and finally her fingers came unclawed from the arms of the lounge. Cody, panting, backed away.

With a predatory grin, Judy stood up. She indicated the chaise with a sweep of her hand, the gesture commanding yet playful. She was never motivated by a need for dominance. In her world everyone was entitled to a good time.

Cody sat and lay back on the long, padded seat. His eyes flickered my way briefly, like he had forgotten I was there. His attention returned immediately to Judy as she straddled him and the lounge, reaching down for his newly engorged cock and lowering herself

toward it with an expression of keen anticipation.

She fitted herself atop his swollen cockhead and began to slide her pussy down his staff. Just like she had done, he dug his fingernails into the arms of the chair. I knew all the special skills she had, the little movements and flexings she could use to increase the joy of penetration. She was doing all those tricks, swiveling and gyrating, as she took every inch of him up into herself.

When she was fully impaled on him, she kicked her wiggings and twistings into higher gear. She was giving him the ultimate lap dance. I doubted he'd ever had it so good, from a woman so talented and experienced and generous.

She held him trapped like that until he looked like he was going to scream from the intensity of the pleasure. Then she planted her feet on the patio cement and started riding him. She bounced up and down with a gathering speed, her body sinewy and limber. Bracing a hand in the middle of his chest, she slammed

down onto him, rocketing back up only to pound downward again. She did that over and over.

Once again I saw his control slip beyond his grasp. Judy rode him wildly, then suddenly erupted into a howl of climactic triumphant. As her fearsome orgasm rippled through her, Cody gave a yowl of his own as he emptied a second load into my wife.

I watched them slowly settle and gently come apart from each other. Cody whispered something to her, and Judy nodded and patted his backside affectionately. He quickly collected his clothes and departed the premises.

"I guess he didn't mind my watching after all," I said, coming over.

She laughed.

"That was a bluff. He just told me he was worried he was too young for me."

We both laughed at that. Then Judy got me out of my clothes and we leapt into our pool, like it was the fountain of youth, forever rejuvenating our love.

—F.S., San Diego, California



ANNIVERSARY ANTICS

If you take away one thing from this letter, it should be that I love my wife. Rachel and I have been married 25 years, and I'm writing this now in a hotel in Las Vegas. We've just had the most amazing experience of our marriage—and all I did was watch.

Since the beginning of our relationship, I've known Rachel is bi-curious, but she'd never so much as touched another woman sexually. It was something she'd admitted to me while we were dating. When we first started having sex, we would talk openly about her being with another woman, and the thought would excite us so much we'd come like gangbusters. I loved the idea of watching her with another lady, but she was too shy to try it. So the notion became a kind of sexy joke between us. We'd watch a beauty pageant, and she'd tell me which girl she'd like to eat her pussy. I'd pick up a copy of *Penthouse*, and she would get her hands on it before I would. When I was away on business trips, she admitted she'd masturbated while thinking about making love to a woman while I watched.

With our 25th anniversary coming up, I decided we had to do something about her long-held craving. But I had no idea what. We were both appalled by the idea of approaching anyone we knew. She was attracted to a coworker of mine, but I was at a loss as to how to broach the subject with the woman. Rachel refused to go to lesbian bars, thinking it would be kind of insulting to one of those ladies to be chosen, as if in a meat market. But that put an idea in my head: What about a prostitute?

I mentioned my suggestion to Rachel. She said it was illegal, and though hiring a hooker wasn't like robbing a bank, she could never be comfortable with that. I mulled over her words and then remembered that in Nevada, there are legal brothels. When I brought up that



“MY WIFE SLIPPED HER THUMB IN SKY’S PUSSY AND PROCEEDED TO FUCK HER.”

fact, she said she was willing to think about the possibility.

I did some online research. Prostitution is not legal in Las Vegas, but it is in a neighboring county. These places are all decked out with themed rooms, and while they cater to men, of course, they are quite clear they welcome couples. I showed Rachel the website for one of them, and she was immediately fascinated. Each working girl had her own page, with photographs, a list of sexual things she did and contact her information.

“Who knew you could shop for this online!” Rachel exclaimed. She was getting more and more excited about my plan. We could make an anniversary trip to Las Vegas, where neither of us had ever been, and then top it off by living out our number-one fantasy.

We could have just gone there and been presented with a lineup of whoever was working at the time, but Rachel is too much of a control freak to let that happen. She wanted to make sure she got the girl she really wanted. And, to my

surprise, she picked a woman named Sky, who was 24 years old, which made her half my wife's age. She was slender and blonde, with tattoos and piercings—the kind of girl I'd expect to see at a hip club. In other words, a place Rachel and I would never visit. But Rachel pointed out that's why she'd picked her: “She's different—she's everything I'm not.”

Rachel sent Sky a message, explaining what she wanted to do. My wife was clear that Sky and I would not touch—Rachel is pretty jealous in that regard—but that I'd watch and masturbate. Sky wrote back pretty quickly, saying she was also bisexual and had no problem with our request. Sky quoted her price and told us when she'd be working. Fortunately, those dates included our anniversary! With breathless excitement, we made a date.

We flew to Las Vegas a few weeks later, stayed at a fancy Strip hotel and did the usual things, like see a show and try our luck at blackjack (we had none). We'd scheduled an afternoon session with Sky and on the appointed day took advantage of the brothel's complimentary limo ride from our hotel. The driver acted like a tour guide during our hour-plus trip, pointing out a gypsum mine and the mountain where Carole Lombard's plane had crashed. It was kind of surreal.

After making a turn off the highway and following a long, straight road into the middle of nowhere that was already a middle of nowhere, we came upon the place. It was made up to look like a dollhouse version of a ranch. I tipped the driver, and we went inside. There, we were offered drinks, and within a few minutes Sky emerged. She was

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a tiny thing, much more petite than I'd anticipated. She was wearing old-fashioned lingerie and high heels, with a filmy wrap. She greeted us and gave us each a peck on the cheek before leading us to her room.

She explained that she was normally scheduled for two weeks on and two weeks off, and when she was working she lived in the same room. In spite of her East Village appearance, her decor was what I'd call shabby chic, with a big bed and lots of fluffy pillows. Off to the side was a free-standing oval mirror that tilted. She told me to sit in an armchair across from the bed and positioned the mirror so I would get a great view of everything. Then she turned to Rachel, who was visibly shaking.

Sky touched her arm. "Don't worry, Rachel, this will be fun. Let's strip down to bras and panties and get to know each other."

Then there they were, each kneeling on the bed, facing each other and running one another's hands up and down their bodies while kissing. Rachel got into the smooching right away, with no hesitation,

so I relaxed a little bit. I asked if I could get unclothed, and they both answered in unison, "Of course."

Sky skinned Rachel out of her bra and let loose her very large breasts. Sky oohed and aahed over them, squeezed them gently, and then tongued my wife's big, dark nipples. Judging by the sounds she was making, I guessed Rachel loved the attention. Sky removed her own bra, revealing two small breasts with pierced nipples. My wife played with those tiny tits as if they were toys, then returned

the favor and sucked each nipple into her mouth in turn, which made Sky moan with pleasure.

Sky had Rachel lean back and pushed aside her panties to get a look at her pussy. My wife shaves herself bare, and Sky took a deep sniff and then ran her fingers up and down her slit. Then she applied her mouth and gave what Rachel later told me was "world-class cunnilingus." After a little while, Sky pulled back so she could strip off my wife's panties. "Better access," she joked. Then she returned to my wife's cunt, eating her until my wife was bucking her hips and surrendering to orgasm. Sky licked her fingers clean of my wife's nectar. My cock was rock hard, and I was stroking it slowly, trying hard not to come.

By now Rachel was not shy anymore. After years of watching lesbian porn, she knew what to do. She positioned Sky on her hands and knees. Rachel then started worshipping Sky's ass. She ran her hands over the young girl's curves, kissed her butt cheeks, and even gave them a smack. Then she took Sky's labia, which were quite chubby, and squeezed them together, pulling on them slightly. While doing this, she also bent down and let her tongue tickle Sky's asscrack. Interestingly, Sky's pubic hair was plentiful, and my wife reached around to tug on it and run her fingers through the dark curls.

My wife slipped her thumb in Sky's pussy and proceeded to fuck her while running the fingers of her free hand up and down Sky's thighs. This made Sky very happy. I've heard that prostitutes don't come with clients, but Sky did—or she's a great actress. Aside from her shaking and crying, another bit of evidence was the copious amount of cunt juice that poured out of her—that my sweet Rachel lapped up.

I'd thought that was it, but these girls weren't done. Sky lay on her back, and my wife lowered her magnificent boobs toward her face. Sky again licked and

**"RACHEL
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OF PUSSY."**



sucked my wife's pendulous tits. Then Rachel changed her position so Sky could eat her pussy some more. My wife leaned back on her hands as the girl feasted on her sex. Soon enough, Rachel came again.

For their final act, Sky was once again on her back, but this time Rachel climbed between the girl's legs for her first taste of pussy. She nuzzled Sky's pubic hair and again ran her fingers along Sky's thighs, which made her gasp. Rachel teased Sky by planting sloppy kisses on her body, moving closer and closer to her cunt with each one. Finally—finally! She brought her tongue to Sky's clit, and the poor girl gripped the bedspread to keep from flying into the air. Rachel licked and sucked as if she were a pro, and before long Sky chalked up her second orgasm.

The girls then spent a long time kissing lazily, twined in each other's arms. The display of naked female flesh was so amazing my cock was nearly purple, and I gripped my erection like I would never let go. Rachel looked over at me giggled.

"I almost forgot you were there." She turned to Sky. "Is it okay if I finish him off?"

Sky grinned broadly. "Only if I can watch!"

That made Rachel smile. She beckoned me to the bed, and I took the few steps over with my cock leading the way. Sky got comfortable next to Rachel, who gently took my cock in her hand. I let out a yip because I was so sensitive. She asked Sky for some lube. Of course, the well-prepared girl had some. Rachel greased up my cock and started jerking me slowly. I was hoping to last long enough to get a blowjob, but after a few strokes, I sent an arc of come across the bed that hit Rachel square in the tits and puddled in her cleavage.

Sky let out a "woo-hoo!" before Rachel scooped up my cream and licked her fingers clean.

We took our leave, feeling as if we were both floating on clouds. Our



discreet limo driver politely ignored the fact that my horny wife gave me the blowjob I'd been craving on the way back to our hotel.

After our visit with Sky, we were so horny we spent the rest of our vacation in bed.

Rachel is sleeping like a log while I write this letter. We leave tomorrow, but I think there may be time for one more quickie before our flight.

—G.F., via email

■ A NEW GUY

I met a guy at the bar when I was out with the girls," Amanda said. She leaned her hip against the kitchen counter and crossed her arms.

I continued chopping vegetables for the stew we were making. "And?"

I knew what the "and" would be, but sometimes I liked to watch her squirm. I always caved to her cravings, mostly because her cravings matched mine perfectly. After five years of marriage, our relationship was only getting better.

Amanda huffed, annoyed, but inched closer to me. She thought I didn't notice. But I did.

"And he's really cute, baby. You'd like him."

"Yeah?" I kept chopping. Kept my eyes on my work. Tried not to smile.

"I could do amazing things to him while you watched." Her voice had taken on a persuasive sing-song.

My cock had woken up as I listened to her, my erection pressing impudently

against the front of my sweatpants. I tried to ignore it.

She sidled closer, ran her hand up my arm and pressed her breast against me. "Wouldn't you like to see me suck his cock? I bet it's big. I'd suck his big, hard cock right in front of you."

Amanda wasn't a fool. She'd snaked her hand down and found my hard dick inside my pants. "I bet he eats pussy like a pro. He has these full lips—and big fingers. I bet he'd suck my clit so good while he fucked me with those thick fingers."

I bit my lower lip to stop from groaning aloud, but I had stopped chopping. A tidbit that wasn't lost on her.

Her hand slipped into my sweatpants. I was bare beneath. We were in for the night, and the only plan had been to make stew—until now.

She wrapped her soft hand around my cock and started to jack me off. "Think about it. You know you want to see him use your woman. See him do things to me. Dirty things."

I thrust my hips toward her hand, and she worked me with a tighter fist.

"Admit it."

"I admit it," I said.

She dropped to her knees and yanked down my sweats. Then she was gobbling my cock, taking it all the way to the root. I could feel her smooth throat with my tip. I grabbed a handful of her hair and thrust as deep as I could. When I was on the verge of coming she stood quickly, tugged down her faded, wash-worn shorts and bent over the counter.

I grabbed her lovely hips and drove my

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stiff cock into her fast and hard.

"Baby," she said. "Baby, baby, it'll be so good."

I grunted, rocking into her, so close to losing control.

She climaxed with a loud shout, her pussy milking my cock with slippery contractions. I came a split second later, thinking about her sucking another guy's dick.

His name was Timothy, and he was a big guy with reddish-brown hair. She introduced us, and I merely smiled and gave him a small wave. I never liked to shake hands with her guys. I just observe.

I sat on the sofa that faced our bed and crossed my legs. Timothy gave me a cursory glance, but obviously Amanda had filled him in on our preferences.

"Let's get these off," she said, unbuckling his pants. Those words had me hard in an instant. Seeing her take charge of these guys, woo them and strip them and fuck them—it was a powerful cocktail of want and ache and pride.

He let her take his belt off, pop his button, unzip and shove his pants down. Then she did away with his boxer briefs. His cock sprang out, already fully erect.

"Oh, Timothy. Is that for me? You're making me so wet," she cooed.

She bent, tossing her curtain of pale blonde hair over her shoulder so I could watch as she sucked him into her mouth. She'd painted her lips a bubblegum pink, my favorite shade for cock-sucking. She took him slowly, so I could see exactly how long he was—which was pretty damn long.

As always, my lovely, clever wife had positioned herself and her lover horizontally across our king-size bed so I could witness everything.

Timothy wasn't as shy as I'd thought. He grabbed a handful of her long hair and started to slam in and out of her mouth, grunting. Amanda moaned around his driving dick, taking every thrust like a champ.

"Fuck," he groaned.



"HE STARTED TO FUCK HER HARD, AND I WATCHED AS SHE STARTED TO STROKE HER CLIT."

I knew what that meant. Amanda was good with her mouth. She had taken him to the very brink, and now he was poised there precariously. He didn't want to come yet. No way would he want this to be over.

I ran my fingertip down the length of my hard-on, feeling the denim of my jeans bite into the sensitive skin. I wanted him to eat her pussy, and that was exactly where they were going.

Timothy pulled her head away and flipped her onto her back. I watched her angle herself so I could see her better. See between her legs, see him working his tongue across her plump, pink folds. See everything I needed.

He went right along, moving back so he could hook his arms beneath her ass and hold her thighs wide. Just seeing him restrain her had my cock throbbing.

She loved that shit, and it would make her more than ready to come. And keep coming.

He was soft at first, stroking her nether lips with a rigid tongue. He lapped at her clitoris with deliberately timed strokes. When she raised her hips, I saw his shoulders flex as he held her down. It arrested her motion, and I heard her breath catch. Her hands came up to her breasts, and she pinched her nipples—hard—the way that gets her off best.

I had to swallow down a moan.

Timothy let go of her ass and pressed his enormous hands to the insides of her thighs, pinning her. I knew that would get us to orgasm number one—and it did. He suckled on her clit and her hips shot up—despite his grip—and she came, tossing her head wildly.

"Keep going," I said.

He never even looked at me, which I liked. He just kept going, not even gentling his actions for sensitivity. If anything, he drove his broad tongue against her harder. Amanda thrashed, and she pinched her nipples again, so fucking hard I saw the skin blanch. He pushed a finger inside her pussy; I had to grab my cock through my jeans because my erection was throbbing like a second heartbeat.

"More, more," she said before I could give the same instructions.

I watched his tongue, which was also quite long, swirl across the swollen flesh

of her pussy. Even from my seat on the sofa, I could see she was ripe and red. He pushed a second finger inside her and started to fuck her roughly.

"Oh, like that. Yeah, baby."

Between watching him eat my wife and listening to her cries I didn't know if I'd survive until the fucking. And I didn't.

I unzipped my pants and pulled my cock free.

Amanda turned her head and smiled. "There's my man."

I swept my thumb across the tip of my cock and spread my pre-come across the sensitive flesh. I thrust up into my own hand as he jammed his fingers into my wife and licked her pussy with lazy strokes.

Then her hands were buried in his hair and she was coming, shouting at the ceiling and moving beneath him like a restless wave.

Timothy flipped her over onto her hands and knees and laid a hand across the small of her back. When he pressed, she bowed down, bringing her head and shoulders to the bed and pointing her ass in the air.

I watched as he trailed a finger, wet and glistening with her juices, around her asshole. I heard her sharp intake of breath, and I gave my cock a hearty squeeze. He inserted his digit slowly, watching the tight star of her anus open to take his slick finger. Then he grunted as if satisfied and positioned his cock, slipping it inside her cunt.

She moaned loudly and turned to look at me. Timothy's free hand went to the small of her back once more—a possessive gesture that made the moment even better—and he started to move. Slow at first. Taking his time. Pulling almost free of her tight, wet cunt before driving forward in a controlled thrust.

"Jesus," she gasped.

His cock was ramming her G-spot. I could tell by the urgency in her voice.

"Harder," I said.

Again, he didn't look at me, but he took my cue. He started to fuck her hard, and I watched as her hand drifted up and she started to stroke her clit. My hand was flying on my dick, and I'd barely noticed until a rush of pleasure uncurled inside me, so intense and sudden, I had to pull away for fear of coming.

My wife came with a bellow, and he stalled out for a moment, no doubt wanting the festivities to continue. It was clear that Amanda was multi-orgasmic so why not draw it out? I saw his logic entirely.

He surprised me when he pulled free of her and stood. He took her hand and helped her up. Then he led her to the sofa where I sat.

"Suck his dick. Don't let him fend for himself."

He pushed her to her knees, levered her forward, and got behind her. My balls felt like the bowling variety, and my breath was coming in fits. This had never happened. I'd always only watched. I'd never joined in.

Amanda's gaze locked with mine. Her big blue eyes were wide, her breath fast, and her lips swollen from kissing and sucking another man's cock. She leaned over me with a sigh and sucked my dick

into the wet recess of her mouth. I felt her moans rumble through me as he plunged back into her cunt.

Every time he drove into her, the motion rocked her into me. Her tongue swept along my length. She sucked, licked and mewled around my shaft as her lover pounded her.

He slipped a finger back into her ass and pinched her butt cheek with his free hand, all while he pummeled her pussy. He grunted like an animal with every thrust, and when he tilted his head back and shouted, I knew he'd climaxed.

Amanda's hand must have been working beneath her because she'd beat him to the punch, reaching her orgasm first. Then it was a chain reaction. He came with a bellow and a final hard slam into Amanda. And that sight tipped me over. I shot my load, clutching her hair in my hand like a leash and marveling that Timothy might have given us a new trick for our toolkit.

—K.M., Jefferson City, Missouri

If you've shared your wife, or have had one shared with you, why not share with us? Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department TH, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





STEP BY STEP

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LETTERS

⇨ SERENDIPITY

■ WAVE ACTION

You're never too old to get homesick, apparently. I found this out during my post-divorce tropical vacation. Balmy temperatures, fruity drinks poolside at the luxury resort, and all I wanted was to go back to Chicago.

The dissolution of my marriage had been a whole bunch of no-fun. Tim and I had called it quits after 16 years. Now I was single, in my late 40s, with only distant memories of how to date or even flirt like I meant it. I had gotten the house in the settlement, and I thought about cutting my holiday short to return to the familiar setting.

I decided to stay one more day, but I would shake things up. The resort felt fake to me, like a grand-scale dollhouse.

So I ducked out.

I put on a pair of ragged cutoffs, sandals and a bikini top, and then rented

a grungy scooter from a shop on the wharf. Off I went, buzzing up the coast road, passing mule-drawn carts and friendly locals in beat-up pickups who hooted at the blonde Americano. The bright sunshine and speed lifted my spirits.

Eventually, I pulled off onto an unpaved track. Feeling adventurous, I followed it past palm trees and gleaming green fronds, until it emptied into a secluded cove. I cut the motor and beheld the perfect little place, with pale sands and turquoise water lapping.

No one else was around. I walked down to the surf and felt the warm water on my toes. I bit my lip, looking around. Just how adventurous was I? I found out quick enough as I left my clothes on the ground and dove naked into the water.

I'd swum in the resort pool, but this dip was immensely more refreshing. I swam out against the incoming waves, feeling the pull and twang of my body. I had kept myself in good shape, eating right and

exercising. The problems between my ex-husband and me hadn't been physical. But now what was I to do with this hot body of mine? Who to share it with?

I thought of all the people I knew back in Chicago, a wide circle. Who among them was an eligible prospect? I sure wasn't looking to get married again, but it would be nice to have a man or two to fuck regularly.

The alien idea sent a thrill through me as I frolicked about in the aquamarine surf. I dove and came up for air. I felt the sun and water on my bare skin. My nipples were hard. I touched my breasts, squeezing, imagining a new pair of hands on them for the first time in almost two decades. My pussy tingled.

I stayed out for about 20 minutes, then let the waves take me back in. I felt better than I had this whole trip. I dove one more time, skimming along the silty bottom, then stood up in knee-deep water. My blonde hair was pasted to my neck and shoulders. I shook water out of my eyes.

I froze. I was no longer alone on this little beach. There was a second scooter. A man stood by it. He was handsome and dark-haired, about 25, in a T-shirt and shorts. He gaped at me with an expression of stunned admiration.

My clothes were out of reach, but I could make a mad sprint for them, or at least cover myself with my hands. Somehow I was doing neither of those things. I merely stood, with the waves breaking around the backs of my calves and water glistening on my taut naked flesh.

I said, "Hi."

He broke out of his own paralysis and sputtered, "I'm so sorry! A bartender told me about this spot. I wasn't spying! I promise."

I gave him a grin. His accent was American. Somehow in this isolated cove I had met a fellow tourist.

"Come on in the water," I told him.

His eyes were still traveling my body.





Excitement rose in me at the attention. That wasn't all that was rising. I saw his shorts tenting nicely.

"B-but I..." he fumbled.

"You've seen me. I want to see you." I didn't know whether or not I was making a fool out of myself. Did he think I was too old for him? Would he hop on his scooter and flee?

Nope. With a tentative smile, he removed shirt and shoes. He hesitated with the shorts, then dropped them. As he strode toward the water, his hard-on wagged. I eyed it shamelessly.

He dove in. I liked his sinewy movements under the iridescent water. He came around in a circle and stood up next to me, dripping. He wasn't the only one. By now my pussy was streaming with need.

I took a sloshing step toward him and closed my hand on his cock. His hard young body jerked, muscles bunching beautifully. I relished his silken texture and throbbing firmness. I gave him a few pumps.

But soon I absolutely had to have a taste of his meat. I slid to my knees in the soft silt. He stood facing the beach. The incoming waves splashed through his

"I SUCKED HIM RIGHT DOWN TO THE HILT, TAKING THAT COCKHEAD INTO MY THROAT."

legs, foam dotting my tits. I put my mouth on his swollen cockhead, finding the flavor of the tropical sea there. His strong taste came in the form of a thick drop of pre-come that oozed onto my tongue.

I dropped my encircling lips down his shaft, charting his pulsing veins with my tongue tip. I fondled his balls. He moaned, the sound almost lost beneath the crash of the waves. The sea pressed and pulled on me. The salty air filled my nostrils as my sudden lover's cock glided over my tongue.

His hands wound themselves into the damp hanks of my hair. He gave

an experimental thrust, and I sucked him right down to the hilt, taking that cockhead into my throat. He started a steady face-fucking. I matched his every lunge with a fearless plunge of my mouth. I made it clear I wasn't going to release him.

He thrust harder. I let go of his balls so I could feel them slap my chin. I reached around and sank my fingers into the taut swells of his ass, encouraging him to pound my mouth as hard as he could.

A wild cry tore the air. Suddenly, a torrent of come was jetting into my mouth. I squealed deep in my throat as the hot spunk coated my tongue. The flavor was intense and masculine, like an elixir meant to transform this middle-aged princess into a full-on cougar.

He staggered back and fell into the waves, a look of blown-out bliss on his pretty face. Grinning, I hauled him up. I didn't have to tell him I wanted his mouth on my pussy. Fair was fair. I considered standing over him and grinding my gash on his face, but then I decided on the crab position. Like him, I faced the beach. I squatted and braced my hands behind me, lying back on my palms and thrusting my gleaming pussy up at the bright sky.

LETTERS

↘ SERENDIPITY



He got the idea, going to his hands and knees between my spread thighs. The position put a fine strain on my body, but the exertion felt good, tightening every muscle. The dark-haired man's tongue felt very good, too, as he jammed it into my needy hole.

Pleasure exploded through me. The waves raced underneath me, splashing around my ass and flecking his busy face with foam. I watched him lap hungrily at my slit, snuffling in my folds. A piece of seaweed striped my leg.

When he zeroed in on my aching clit, I put my head back and let the sea rake through my blonde hair. His eager tongue flicked and scoured my nub. My excitement became a rushing thing, racing at the speed of the tide.

His teeth softly grazed my clitoral bud, and that sent me into ecstasy. I jammed my pussy hard against his face and let out a fierce wail. No doubt he tasted my streaming juices along with the stray splashes of seawater.

I still had the warm residue of his cream in my mouth as he shifted position. He moved up, gripped me around my trim waist, and rubbed the head of his re-engorged cock against my freshly eaten pussy. Admiring his stamina and quick recovery time, I grinned. He slotted himself into me.

His cock filled me deliciously. My pussy clenched him. Pleasure radiated outward from his penetration, sending impulses

**"I BUCKED MY
HIPS, TAKING
EVERY INCH OF
HIM. A LOOK OF
JOY OVERTOOK
HIS FACE."**

into every part of me. Holding me by the waist took the strain off my legs. I sank back farther on my hands, letting my head dangle once again into the surf. Water streamed through my hair. The roar of the sea was in my ears.

Yet I still heard his grunts and the slap of our wet bodies. He fucked me half in, half out of the water, with the surf exploding around us. The waves felt stronger, the pulse of the ocean beating faster, accompanying our gathering mutual euphoria.

I couldn't have conjured a happier sexual encounter if I'd taxed every iota of my imagination. I had wanted my first post-divorce sexual experience to be special, and this definitely was. It was fantasy made flesh. The only downside was that we were meeting on this vacation island. I might never see him again.

But that took away nothing from the fantastic pleasure of it. His cock slammed my pussy, his thrusts growing more urgent. I bucked my hips, taking every inch of him. A desperate look of joy overtook his face. Probably he couldn't quite believe this was happening either.

Disbelief didn't hold off his climax, however. Pleasure was pushing me over the line. The water frothed around us. My body churned. The hot blue sky and blazing yellow sunlight whirled. His cream spewed deep inside me. I came with a wild thrashing. My arms gave way, and I dropped backward into the waves. He fell on top of me, turning and bringing me instantly back up.

We lay and kissed as the ocean seemed to slow, the light to dim ever so slightly. He said his name was Dan. Eventually, we picked ourselves up and walked toward the scooters.

He had prepared better for this excursion. He had a towel strapped to his seat. As I dried myself, I noticed the Chicago Cubs baseball cap hanging from his handlebars.

"You jump on the bandwagon when they won the World Series?" I asked playfully, passing him his towel.

"No. Lifelong fan. You gotta root for your hometown team."

Which was how I learned Dan lived in Chicago, too. Some lucky coincidence, huh?

-L.N., via email

PEEP SHOW

I decided to reward myself with a mental health day. No chores, no errands. My sole goal was my own personal satisfaction. The simple act of making that decision had already relieved my stress. In its place was a raw, hungry desire that demanded satisfaction.

Stripping off my camisole, I wandered over to the floor-to-ceiling sliding doors

that lead from my bedroom to the rooftop terrace. The sun peeked through gaps in the curtains, and I shoved them aside. Golden light licked across my bare skin, relaxing my muscles with its delicious warmth. I shimmied out of my skimpy panties, exposing more of myself to the soothing rays. Then I stood at the window for a while, soaking in the heat as my hands gradually explored my naked body.

Now that I'm in my 40s, my curves are more pronounced than when I was a younger woman. I don't know if that's the reason I feel sexier, but I like it.

As I absentmindedly gazed out the window, my fingertips danced along my collarbone before sliding into my cleavage. A sigh escaped my lips as I palmed my breasts and pinched my nipples. I rolled the sensitive tips between my thumbs and forefingers until I felt my pussy tingle and a flood of moisture pool between my legs.

I slid one hand slowly down my belly, shivering in anticipation as I edged closer to my clit. My lips parted on a soft gasp as I caressed myself. The slickness of my increasing arousal glossed my thighs.

With gentle fingers, I teased the entrance to my pussy, making myself whimper. My other hand kept busy with my breasts, gently rolling and massaging the tender flesh. I felt every jolt of pleasure deep within my core. The sun reemerged from behind a fluffy white cloud, and I soaked up its beautiful intensity.

I grazed my pussy lips and my clit with a finger, and my internal muscles coiled tight. My body was beyond ready for a marathon fuck-session. My pussy was aching for more than my fingers could provide.

In an aroused daze, I turned from the window and wandered to my dresser. My jewelry tray was overflowing with the thick strands of pearls I'd worn the night before. I wound them around my neck, loving the way the cool beads rolled across my breasts. I bent to retrieve my

vibrator from the bottom drawer. My fingers had just curled around the base of my favorite plaything when a loud bang sounded outside my patio doors.

I spun around, my heart pounding against my ribcage as I discovered I had an audience. A young, handsome audience of one!

Judging by the shocked look on the 20-something's face, I'm willing to bet he didn't expect this midday peep show. A quick look at the guy's feet told me the bang I'd heard had been his window-washing equipment crashing to the ground.

My peeper's movie-star features were flushed a deep crimson that spread from his chiseled cheekbones to his neck. His worn work shirt was opened enough to reveal a broad chest dusted with dark hair.

A second after we made eye contact, he quickly turned his head. I presumed he

averted his gaze to give me time to cover up. But where's the fun in that?

Still gloriously naked, I stepped closer to the window, rolling my shoulders back so my nipples peeked through the long strands of pearls. I'd never had a peeping Tom before, but there was something undeniably exciting and sexy about showing off—especially to someone so attractive.

My young man was far too polite. He clearly wasn't going to turn around on his own, so I took matters into my own hands. I tapped my fingernails against the glass, delighted by the wide-eyed look I received in response.

"You don't have to look away," I called to him. "It'll be a lot more fun if you watch."

I gave him a wink, blew him a kiss and sauntered over to the bed—vibrator in hand.

As I settled myself across the mattress,



LETTERS

➤ SERENDIPITY

I was happy to see my sexy voyeur understood my desires. Keeping my eyes locked on his, I slid my hands along my inner thighs as I spread my legs wider. Cool air brushed across my folds, making me shiver.

With deliberate slowness, I sucked the vibrator into my mouth, gliding the toy in and out between my lips. I rolled my tongue around the shaft, making sure it was slick and turning myself on even more in the process.

My oral display inspired my new friend. As he took in the sight of me, his hand wandered to the zipper on his pants. Knowing I was turning on this beautiful man only fueled my passion. What had begun as simple arousal had morphed into full-on sexual desperation.

With a flick of a switch, the vibrator buzzed to life. Its rhythmic rumblings sent delicious tingles up my arm and down my torso, and a jolt of pleasure rocked my clit. I rolled the wand over my tits, sliding it over each sensitized nipple. My entire body was humming with need. Every caress of my breasts seemed to resonate in my clit, and the aching bud was growing impatient.

Sliding my fingers across my abdomen elicited another bout of chills. My fingers settled above my clit, my fingertips close enough to gently press against the engorged bud. A light touch of my button sent a ripple of electricity up my spine. My back arched off the bed while my dancing fingers kept my clitoris humming.

While I continued to give my nub the attention it so desperately desired, I propped myself up in time to see my voyeur release his cock. His erection was thick and long and completely filled his large, work-worn hands. I licked my lips, watching intently as he pumped his fist up and down his shaft. I wanted to feel him thrust that thick cock inside me. Fortunately, my vibrator looked to be the same size.

Slowly, I slid the vibrator down my torso to my clit. The pearls rattled noisily as I bucked and writhed. I dragged the vibrator lower and hovered over my clit for a second, teasing my body without offering any real relief.

Finally, I swirled the tip against my entrance, my tightened muscles greedily absorbing the vibrations. The whirl of the vibrator seemed to reverberate through

every bit of my body. I was panting now, my hips wiggling furiously against the mattress as I tried to ride the waves of pleasure crashing over me. Watching my voyeur take his pleasure while I sought my own aroused and excited me more than I ever could have imagined.

I circled my entrance with the vibrator again, teasing my sticky lips with the rumbling toy and pushing myself closer to climaxing. I pressed the vibe against my clit, feeling a surge of pleasure hit me. I moaned loudly, my hips jamming upward as pleasure flooded me and stole my breath.

But even after I came back down to earth, my body ached for more. My heart rate had returned to normal, but my pussy still pulsed.

I drew a shaky breath, steadying my hand and pressing the tip of the vibrator to my quivering entrance. I eased it inside, inch by inch, slowly stretching my twitching cunt. The curved toy nestled directly against my G-spot, and its vibrations echoed through my shaking body, traveling from the inside out.

With a moan, I lifted my head off the bed and stole another glance at the patio doors. I was delighted to discover that my friend looked to be as riled up as I was. A well-sculpted bicep kept him propped against the doorframe, while his free hand continued to stroke his cock. I wanted to feel that thick dick between my lips.

Pulling the vibrator from my pussy, I sat up, clenching my thighs together to soothe the sexy ache that tormented me. Then I caught my voyeur's eye, making certain he was watching as I lifted the vibe and slid the slippery shaft into my mouth.

The young man's lips parted on what I could only guess was a moan. His face wore a mask of tortured ecstasy, and his reaction sparked a wild passion in me. I swallowed the vibrator further, relaxing my throat so I could deep-throat the toy. There was something insanely satisfying





about feeling the faux erection in my mouth—even if it wasn't the real deal.

But I couldn't ignore the hunger in my pussy any longer. Still sucking on the toy, I slid my fingers up and down my soaking-wet slit. Once my fingers were super slick, I slipped in one finger, then two, before working up to three and finally four.

I groaned, casting aside the toy and reveling in the feeling of fullness. I spread my legs wider, before thrusting harder and deeper. My thumb settled on my clit, applying the perfect amount of pressure while I finger-fucked myself senseless.

My button seemed to beat along with my heart, and my desperate pussy gripped my fingers. My hips lifted off the bed as I drove my digits harder, driving myself closer and closer to orgasm.

I gasped as the tension in my body gave way to a delicious ecstasy that sent bliss radiating from my core. My nerves seemed to sizzle, sending sparks across my skin. The sensations were overwhelming, as if my body knew this was part personal pleasure, part performance art.

When I could once again breathe with ease, I maneuvered myself into a sitting position. The vibrator was humming beside me as I slid my fingers from my folds, enjoying a final pulse of pleasure in the process. I lifted my eyes to the window in time to watch my voyeur seize his own pleasure. His muscular body sagged against the doorframe as he shot his load into his cupped palm.

I smiled, pleased by his reaction. Then I blew him a kiss and left my bedroom, intent on a bubble bath and a little more "me time."

—S.W., New York, New York

"SHE KISSED ME DEEPLY, HER TONGUE TASTING LIKE WHISKEY AND HER OWN NECTAR."

DEEP DIVE

The dive bar was indeed a dive bar, but the perk of places like that was they had their regulars. The not-so-perky part was the amount of upkeep needed for the crumbling building and décor. As the business owner, all those repairs fell on my financial shoulders, like the ones now needed after the unexpected flood.

I was waiting for the insurance adjuster to come when the bell over the old red door jingled.

A woman stepped in, and my eyes did a quick scan to catch very nice legs in faded jeans, a gray pullover and blonde hair slicked back into a ponytail.

It killed me to say it, but I had no choice.

"Sorry, we're closed. We had a flood the other day, and it's still wet as hell in here. And it's a health hazard and—"

She raised a hand and smiled. Her lips were full and red, and her cheeks were pink like my mother's favorite roses. And she wasn't hurting in the tit department,

let me tell you. She was older than me by at least 20 years, but she was smokin' hot.

"I'm the one you're waiting for," she said.

On a less stressful day I'd have responded, "You're not kidding, lady."

But she caught what must have been an odd look on my face and smiled again. "I'm the insurance adjuster," she exclaimed, as if talking to a dull child.

"Oh! Oh, shit. I'm sorry. Sexist of me, isn't it? I was expecting a guy for some reason." I could feel heat in my cheeks and was grateful that most of it was probably covered by my beard. "The guy I talked to said I should expect Lou at 11," I answered, covering myself.

She nodded. "Yeah, Louise. That's me."

"Ah...but you can't blame me—"

"Never," she said. "Can you show me where the leak originated?"

"Oh, sure." I noticed the heat in my cheeks had spread into my chest. And my belly. And down into the general vicinity of my cock, because as Lou walked past me, I noticed she had the most sublime heart-shaped ass in history.

I led her into the back where all the liquor was stored. Soggy cardboard was the predominant smell. "Good thing we deal in glass bottles," I said, laughing.

"Very. But your wood shelving back here near the floor might suffer. Which will weaken the upper shelves. They look pretty old."

"Circa...1978?" I said, taking a wild guess. "Just like the bar."

She nodded and jotted something down in her notebook. An unreadable expression passed across her face, and I wondered what she was thinking.

I was thinking about the way those jeans hugged her shapely hips.

"And the leak?" she prompted. "Where did it originate?"

"Oh! The leak! Sorry. I got..."

Just in the nick of time, I shook off the urge to say something cheesy like "I was distracted by your beauty."

LETTERS

↘ SERENDIPITY



"My mind wandered," I said instead. "Over here. There's an apartment above us. The plumbing in this building is pretty old, and I think something just gave up the ghost. I came back here to get some whiskey and gin, and it was pretty much raining."

She tsked, shook her head, and jotted down some notes again.

"I think I can take it from here. I'll wander around, get what I need, and let you know when I'm finished or if I have any questions."

"Right," I managed to respond, feeling totally tongue-tied.

I went back out to the front and started to mop the areas where the water had run out from the back room. Luckily, it was just a matter of moving some tables and the bar mats. The leak was caught in time to shut off the main before the bar proper was entirely soaked.

The door whooshed noisily as she walked in from the back. I'd just washed my hands and was drying them with a bar rag. "Well?"

"It looks pretty straightforward," she said, leaning on the bar. "I'll turn all this in, they might call with some follow-up questions, and then a check will be issued for repairs and replacements, etc."

I blew out a sigh of relief.

"That's good news. Thank you."

The way Louise was leaning over the bar made her breasts look as if they were being presented to me. I was suddenly

**"MY FACE WAS
DRENCHED WITH
HER WETNESS,
AND I SLIPPED
TWO FINGERS
INSIDE HER."**

grateful for the division between us. The bar blocked me so she couldn't see I was fighting a hard-on...and losing.

"Can I get a drink?" she asked, climbing onto a stool.

"Sure. Rough day?" I flipped right into bartender mode.

She pointed to a bottle of whiskey and winked. "Not so much. But it could get interesting."

I officially lost the battle with my dick.

I poured her two fingers of whiskey, plus an extra splash, and pushed it across the bar. "On me," I said.

She raised an eyebrow and then the downed the whiskey in two hearty gulps.

"Lock the door," she said.

I made a noise deep in my throat. It was very animalistic, that sound.

I locked the front door and then put the chain on and the wedge in. "Just in case,"

I murmured softly to myself.

By the time I turned back to her, she'd already pulled off her top and was working the clasp on the front of her bra. She hiked herself up on the bar and crooked a finger at me.

I went to her as if she were tugging an invisible wire and drawing me in.

At that moment, the years she had on me didn't matter. She was a hot woman who wanted me, and my body responded accordingly.

She parted her thighs, and I stepped between them.

"When I walked in, I thought you were pretty cute," she said.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. And I still do. Now take off your clothes and come up here. I've always wanted to fuck on top of a bar."

I did as instructed, and when I was level with her she reached out and took my cock in her hand, stroking me briskly. "Someone's happy to see me."

I peeled off her jeans as she talked. I dropped them on a stool and yanked off her purple panties.

She didn't waste any time. She pushed my head between her thighs, and I went at her eagerly. I scraped my teeth along her mound and then licked her outer lips until her hips shot up and she whimpered. Then I slipped my tongue over her clit and felt her buck beneath me. I did it again and again, lapping at the tight knot of sensitive flesh. She yanked my hair, but I didn't care. She could pull all of it out as far as I was concerned.

I worked her hard until she came, her juices flooding my mouth and her cries filling my ears. She tried to push me away, but I hooked my fingers under her ass and held on, wanting to wring another climax from her. I licked Louise so gently I heard her sob. Then I felt her legs relax, and I went back at her with a more rigid tongue.

This time when she climaxed, she squeezed her thighs against the sides of my head so tightly I thought I might

pass out, but I persevered. My face was drenched with her wetness, and I slipped two fingers inside her tight, hot cunt.

She moaned, and I moved upward, kissing a line along her belly. Louise tasted like peaches and honeysuckle; she tasted like summer. Once I was face-to-face with her, she reached for me, pulling me toward her for a kiss. She embraced me with her thighs as our lips met, and my cock brushed the slickness of her pussy. Now it was my turn to moan. She grabbed my face in her hands and kissed me deeply, her tongue tasting like whiskey and her own nectar.

Louise raised her hips, urging my cock inside her. I only gave her the tip at first, and I watched her face, observing her internal struggle as she fought not to say anything.

"Fuck me," she begged.

I relented. How could I not? Her words were so full of beautiful desperation and want. I watched her eyes drift shut and her pretty white teeth nip at her plump lower lip. She grabbed my ass and thrust up from beneath me. It stole my breath how strong she was. And how wet, tight, and fucking sweet that pussy was.

"Faster," she whispered.

"You're really shy, aren't you?" I couldn't help myself.

Then she was laughing beneath me, and that laughter made her cunt squeeze me all the tighter.

"Jesus—"

I didn't get to say anything else because her pussy started to milk me as she came once again. Her leg hooked behind my back as she arched against me to steal every ounce of pleasure she could.

Then Louise surprised me by stiff-arming me away. I pulled out of her pussy and backpedaled until she pushed me flat on my back on the bar and climbed astride my hips.

"I'm very shy," she said, leaning over to kiss me. Her grin was mischievous and possibly the sexiest part of the whole

encounter. She was mesmerizing.

"Lou, you need to come out of your shell," I teased.

"The operative word being 'come,'" she said.

Then she was impaling herself on my cock. She put her small hands on my shoulders and started to rock. All I could feel was her. All I could smell was her. All I could taste on my tongue was her. Her hair swept across my face as she moved, and she smiled down at me despite her eyes being closed.

I held on to the lovely flare of her hips and started to thrust up from beneath her, fucking her as hard as I could.

Louise dug her toes into the meat of my calves, her fingers tightening on my shoulders. She rocked her hips from side to side and then got back into an up-and-down rhythm that shut my brain down but flooded my body with urgency.

"Come with me," she said. "I'm going to come again. I'm almost there."

"You're getting tighter," I mumbled because I could feel it happening. Her pussy clenched around me as we slammed against one another. I was stuck in that place where I wanted to surrender but wanted the moment to last just a few minutes longer.

"Oh," she said in a breathy whisper. Her fingernails bit into my skin. I held her hips as our rhythm hit a desperate peak.

"Now," she managed. "Now, now, now..."

Her cunt grew impossibly tight around me and I gave one more desperate thrust from beneath before letting myself go. If I was going to lose control, best to lose it in time with her.

Louise laughed softly and brushed the hair out of my face.

"Best appointment today. Some not so terrible water damage, an easy claim, and a slutty bartender." She winked.

"Slutty!" I couldn't hold back my laugh.

"Oh, you were obvious the moment I walked in."

"That bad, huh?"

"Not bad, at all. In fact, I might decide to have a double before I go." She kissed me. It was a very indecent kiss.

—D.F., via email

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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“BREANNE’S TASTE LINGERS ON MY LIPS AND MAKES ME CRAVE MORE!”

—MARICA









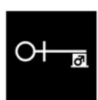












TOP 10

WITH CLAUDIA VALENTINE & TYLER NIXON



TOP 10 REASONS COUGARS ROCK

10. They're sexually experienced.
9. They know how to please a man—or woman.
8. They know what they want in bed and out.
7. They enjoy teaching younger lovers.
6. They're bursting with confidence.
5. They're not shy about asking for what they want.
4. They have fewer expectations.
3. They're take-charge women.
2. They know what's really important in life.
1. They're at their sexual peak—and they know it!



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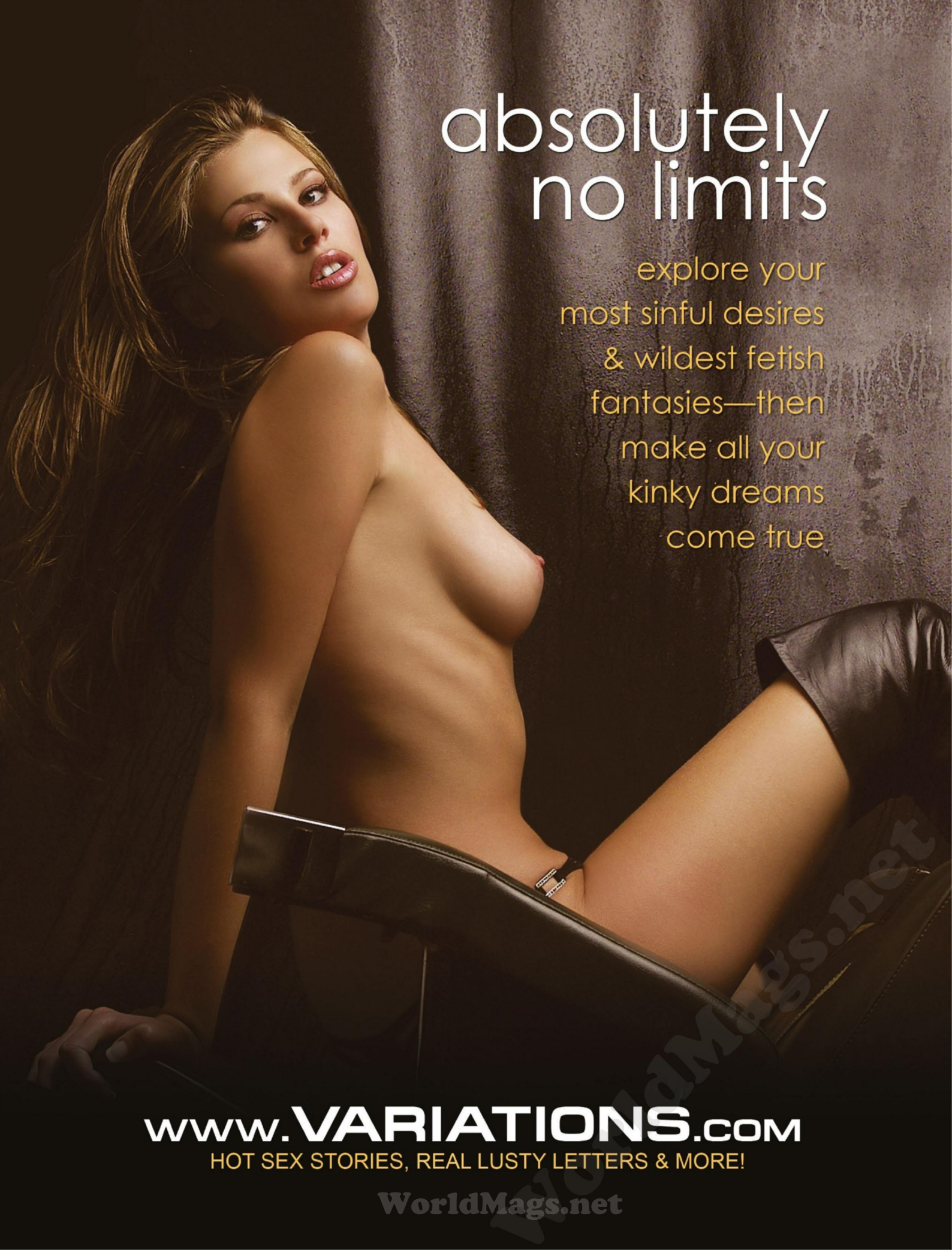
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Wayward Traveler
A gorgeous redhead with an insatiable
sex drive takes a young desk clerk for
the ride of his life.
By Gavin Campanella

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VARIATIONS

▾ EDITORS' NOTE

Older or younger—what's your favorite? *Penthouse Variations* readers can't seem to decide, but more likely it's that they don't want to limit themselves. We receive just as many letters from coeds attracted to silver-tipped strangers as we do from sex-hungry cougars hooked on barely legal college boys.

This month's May/December Affairs letters offer a kinky twist on the older/younger dynamic, tossing in some BDSM to spice up a three-way adventure and a pair of hot hookups.

Mick Robbins's voyeuristic piece "The Orgy Dorm" shows two sides to campus shenanigans, with professors as well as students learning new tricks.

And for this month's book excerpt, we have a special sneak peek at *Penthouse Variations on Anal* (Cleis Press). Gavin Campanella's sweet and sexy "Wayward Traveler" recounts a hot backdoor fling with a daring divorcée. *Penthouse Variations on Anal* is on sale now and features stories from first-timers, to experienced players, to everyone in between. You can find it at Amazon.com and many more book retailers.

—The Editors





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VARIATIONS

▷ MAY/DECEMBER AFFAIRS

■ HER HANDYMAN

"f you do the items on my 'honey do' list, then, honey, oh, how I'll do you."

That was the text I woke up to, and I felt a wave of anticipation break over me.

"List is on the fridge," the following text stated. "Don't let me down."

I stumbled into the kitchen to find the list held to the refrigerator with a heart-shaped magnet. Written in Sonia's neat penmanship were all the chores she expected me to get done during the day. I was on vacation, and I had no problem fixing all the little gadgets that were malfunctioning.

I've always been good with my hands. Even so, the list took me all day, and all day I fantasized about what our night would be like. Because after every chore, she'd specified a reward.

If I put in a new faucet, she would tie me down.

If I fixed the lamp in the living room, she would use a sex toy on me.

If I made the garage door opener work again, she would put clamps on my nipples.

And so on.

As the work got harder, so did my dick, because the rewards noted after each item became more intense. None of the jobs were outside of my capabilities. The only hard part was the fact that I was hard. How easy is it to focus on rewiring a plug when your dick keeps getting in the way and your fantasies insist that every handyman needs a break from time to time to use his hand?

But I didn't give in. Sonia, my sweet Sonia, would be able to tell if I jacked off without her. Then, I was sure, she would call foul and I would get no relief.

How did she know I could fix every item? We'd met more than a year ago, when she wandered into the repair shop where I work. I'd joined the business after graduating college, helping more with the financial side but always willing to lend a

hand if things got busy. We weren't busy on the day that Sonia came in, but I saw her blonde hair from across the room and hurried out of the rear office to help her myself. One of our employees shot me a disappointed look. But he's married. He didn't have first dibs on hot customers.

Sonia looked out of place. There was no spot to sit there, hardly any place to stand. Then, as now, we had parts and wires and machinery bits all over. I saw her feeling uncomfortable. I mean, I could sense it. So I bantered with her to set her mind at ease. She had something simple that day, an old-fashioned clock with a frayed wire. But she came back over

"MY TURN-ONS WERE HER TURN- ONS. WE WERE SO WELL WIRED TOGETHER."

and over. Turned out, she was an avid collector of vintage items. She'd pick up things at garage and estate sales, falling in love with the curve of a lamp or the face of a clock, but not knowing how to fix the ones that didn't work.

That's where I came in.

And soon, that's where I came.

"I like things that are old," she said to me when she paid the bill one afternoon. "That is for my furnishings. But as for my men? I like them like you—young."

I grinned at her. I appreciated the way she looked, so polished and professional. And I didn't care if she was 40 to my 25. She had a classy style to her that made me act gallant in return. That night, she invited me to her place to assess the rest

of her things. I wasn't expecting her to be in a teddy when I knocked on the door. She showed me exactly how to work her wiring. Now, I live with her, and on my days off, I am more than a handyman. I work through my list, and she pays me in kind.

Back to today. The lamp. The garage door—not vintage, obviously, but something that was out of her realm. As I finished every item, I imagined my rewards. I was halfway to heaven already by the time she came home from work. She took one look at the bulge in my slacks, and she said, "Turn on the lamp."

Proud of my abilities, I showed her how her piece worked.

"Now, turn it off," she said, "and come to the bedroom."

There, she stripped me while she stayed clothed. I love the way she looked, somewhat prim in her pencil skirt and her powder-pink blouse. She said, "You did every item?"

"Yes, Sonia," I told her. My cock bobbed, too, as if needing to be part of the conversation.

"So let's tally the total."

She gazed at the list, and then she got to work. I was reminded of myself. I always lay out the tools I'll need before I start a job. She did the same: nipple clamps, a small vibrator, lube. Then she tied me down to her bed and began to tweak my machinery. Her mouth found my nipples, and they grew hard instantly at her touch. Her fist pumped my dick, and I cried out and tried to force myself to slow down. I didn't want to come too quickly. I'd worked all day, after all. I wanted this pleasure to last.

She added a generous amount of lube and then began to really massage my cock for me. The way her hands felt around my unit was more than magical. She knew precisely the tempo and the touch to get me off. After only a few sweet strokes, I knew I wasn't going to be able to make it much longer. I told her so, and she said, "Oh, pretty boy, you'd better do your best. I want to fuck that

cock of yours. And I want it to be nice, and thick, and hard."

I grit my teeth. I imagined working with my tools. In my mind, I loosened a tight screw. Then I pretended I was fixing a wall socket. Anything, anything to keep my mind occupied so I wouldn't shoot my come all over her hand.

"That's right," she said, indicating she understood how difficult this was for me. "You hold on to yourself. You rein yourself in."

"Baby," I murmured. "I don't know how long I can do this. You turn me on so much."

"Behave for me," she insisted. "Otherwise all those rewards may become punishments."

When she was pleased with the way I stood proud and tall for her, she put the sex toy into action. I had to hold myself totally still as she used that toy to tickle my asshole. Fuck, that felt good. Sonia knows how much I like to feel her fingertips caressing me there. The vibrations made me keen low under my breath. She said. "What's next?"

"Nipple clamps!" I barked out.

"That's right." She added the clamps, and I did my best not to shoot a geyser. I was so desperate and ready to fuck. She finally took pity on me and removed her panties. Then, while I watched, she climbed on top of me. I shot right up her cunt, and I realized that she'd become wet while she worked me. My turn-ons were her turn-ons. We were so well wired together.

I couldn't hold on to her waist, couldn't touch her since my hands were bound, but I bucked her in the air with my hips and felt her take my cock to the root. Then I boosted her up once more, and she cried out with ecstasy.

It didn't take long for the two of us to reach our orgasms together. Holding on was well worth the wait.

I'll always be Sonia's handyman.

And she'll always fix my cock.

-B.D., Jersey City, New Jersey



■ HERE, KITTY, KITTY

was in a dry spell.

Between beaus, between jobs, between a rock and a hard cock. No, I mean place. I needed a hard cock. It had been far too long.

My friend Joan invited me to her office because she was hoping to set me up with a coworker named Bruce. We met, shook hands and sized each other up. Bruce, like me, was fresh out of college. He looked fresh out of everything, actually, a little too crisp in his recently purchased suit. His tie had a shine to it. Everything about him, in fact, seemed to be mint condition. I felt no sparks, and I did my best to small-talk my way out of the situation. I didn't want to get coffee or see a band play. I wanted to escape.

Joan, unfortunately, was not picking up on my desperate clues. The workday was done, so she suggested a tour of her office. Bruce and I trailed behind her, and I heard myself answering his various questions. Yes, I had a job in the city. No, I didn't live with my parents. Yes, I was 24. No, I wasn't a Libra.

Blithely, Joan led us to the main conference room, where there was a spectacular view. Bruce, finally seeming to catch on, said it had been nice to

meet me and took his leave. Joan gave me a withering stare. This was her fourth attempt to set me up. What was wrong with me? She told me to wait while she got her coat; we'd leave together. She was shaking her head. I was a lost cause to her.

That's when a man with silver-tipped black hair and what I can only describe as a hungry smile entered the room.

"Not a Libra?" he asked.

I looked at him. Who was this guy? He was so different from young Bruce. He had on a suit, too, and a tie. But nothing looked fresh out of the box. He appeared comfortable in his clothing—not constrained, not inexperienced.

"Not a Libra," I agreed.

"And you don't live with your parents?"

He was eyeing me with the look of a predator. But I didn't get the feeling he wanted to eat me.

"Got my own place and everything," I said. "I'm a big girl."

"I can see that"

"And you are?" I asked when the curiosity was killing me.

"George," he said as Joan entered the room again.

"Oh, Mr..."

"George," he said, cutting her off and leaving her looking flustered.

VARIATIONS

▷ MAY/DECEMBER AFFAIRS



"This is my boss," she said, and she seemed to have a difficult time wrapping her mouth around his first name, as if she'd never said it before. She looked from me, to George, to me again. Then she said, "I was just leaving. Are you coming, Kitty?"

"I think I'll stay for a second," I said, going off script. "The view is so beautiful. I want to take it in."

Again that look. Me to him. Him to me. Then she nodded and hurried away. I felt elated. Bruce was nothing, a plaything, a party favor. Maybe that was too extreme. I'd only known him for about six minutes. But George was something special. This man, who had at least two decades on me, was making my heart flip over and my pussy clench.

"Kitty, is it?" he asked.

"Katherine" I said quickly, and then I hoped I didn't sound too aggressive.

"She called you Kitty," he said. "Do you purr, or do you scratch?"

What I wanted to do was roll over and show him my belly. But I turned so I was facing him fully and said that Joan and I had been roommates in college; there'd been two Katherines in our dorm, so I was Kitty.

"I like that," he said. "Let's see you crawl toward me."

I couldn't believe he'd actually said

those words. This man was so sexy; I could feel every bit of my body aching to react to him. I thought to myself that nothing like this had ever happened to me before. And that's why I did what he said, why I started to crawl across the floor to him. I didn't care if I was going to have a run in my stockings. I didn't care if I looked like a hussy. He said "crawl." I crawled.

"Good girl," he said, and he pulled me to standing once more. "Let's go somewhere else...somewhere more private. Then we can try all sorts of games."

We brushed past Bruce and Joan on our way out of the building. I didn't even bother to stop and explain. She'd know. George told me about himself on the drive to his place. But I didn't hear much, because his hand was between my thighs, and he was stroking my slit the entire ride.

When we reached his home, he said, "Do you have a safeword?"

I'd heard of safewords, of course, but I'd never run into a college boy who'd known how to use one. I said, "Meow," and he grinned. "I like that." Then he led me into his place, and he had me strip for him. There was no question that we were going to have sex—and kinky sex—so why bother pretending? I took off my

heels, my hose, my skirt and blouse. He stopped me then, and he stroked my ass through my panties before pulling down the cups of my bra to reveal my breasts.

"You have perfect tits," he said, "just the right size." Surprising me, he kissed each one. Then he pinched my nipples hard, and I groaned. "I'll bet that made your pussy wet, didn't it?" he asked.

I nodded.

His eyes glared at me.

"Yes, Sir," I tried next.

"That's right, Kitten," he said. "You got it."

I was put on my knees once more, and he had me carawl after him to his bedroom. I could feel how squishy-wet my pussy was. I wondered what he'd do to me once we reached his bed. My mind was rushing with what seemed like a thousand questions. But I kept my mouth shut until he told me to open it.

Which happened fairly quickly.

"Let's play a game," he said. "You suck me off exactly as I tell you to, and then I will reward you in the most delicious way."

Like what, I wondered, but I simply obeyed. My pussy positively throbbed as I started to deep-throat George's cock. I wanted whatever reward he might bestow—pain or pleasure or some form combined. I worked to pay attention to the rhythm he set with his body, sliding his cock forward and back between my parted lips. His skin was warm, and his dick was thick and long. I found myself almost in an altered state—semi-nude in that heated room, the lamps on low, the scent of fresh-cut flowers from a bouquet on the bedside table perfuming the air. This man was so refined. And there I was, slutty and hungry on my knees in front of him, sucking him to the root. He seemed to like that. He pet my hair and promised to make me purr as soon as I got him off.

I tricked my tongue underneath his balls. He cried out and then pulled me back to the proper position, so he could come all over my outstretched tongue, stray drops of his cream coating my lips

and chin. I wiped my face with the back of my hand and then gazed up at him, waiting. Already, I knew somehow not to make a request. He would take care of me. He'd promised that. I trusted him.

He seemed to focus immediately on our next position. He pulled me over the edge of the bed, shoved a pillow under my hips, and said, "Here's the next game." I watched as he walked around the bed and pulled a paddle from a drawer in his dresser. "I'll give you a spanking, and then I'll let you come."

Oh, Christ. This man had access to all of my fantasies. He was so serious, so stern, and standing there with a paddle in his hand made him ever-the-more-so. I quickly bobbed my head up and down, realized my mistake as soon as I did so, and squeaked, "Yes, Sir."

"It will get easier," he promised, standing next to me. "The words will just slip off your lips. You'll say, 'Yes, Sir' when you want me to put anal beads up your ass. You'll say 'Yes, Sir' when you want a clamp on your clit or a pair of cuffs on your wrists. It will be your favorite phrase, I think. Or one of them."

Then he started to spank me. I had never been with a dominant lover before. My pussy was a lake unto itself. I was embarrassed by how wet I was getting. If he touched me between my legs, he'd find out, and I'd be mortified. Then why did I want him to do exactly that?

**"I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW HER NAME,
BUT MY DICK
KNEW WHAT HER
PUSSY FELT LIKE."**

When he was done spanking me, he made me come. His fingers danced over my clit and then pressed hard, and the orgasm was suddenly, blindingly there, robbing me of speech and overpowering me. I panted as pleasure raced through me, and then I slid back to the floor and looked up at him, awaiting his next command.

"Are you ready for more?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

-K.H., San Francisco, California

■ THE MAESTRA

When we walked into the bar that night, all the guys went gaga for the young lady bartender. They swarmed her immediately, and it was embarrassing and a little ridiculous. I sat to the side of them, deciding that no woman was worth that type of foolery, no matter how good-looking.

That's when I saw her. The piano player had been on break, so I hadn't noticed her

right away. But she pulled up the bench and began to play, and suddenly all the thoughts I'd had at being so much more centered than my buddies evaporated.

I wanted this woman.

She was about 45, I thought. Maybe a little older. Twice my age, I'd say. She had fine lines around the corners of her eyes, and when she looked my way, she smiled. I went hot under the collar and stared down into my drink. How was I going to make this happen? My friends were mooning and swooning over the vixen behind the bar. I didn't want to act the same way.

We shared a few flirtatious glances before I got up my nerve.

I made my way to the piano and asked her for a song, then dropped my number in her tip jar. We'd see what we would see. Honestly, nothing like this had ever happened to me. I tend to be cool with women, able to banter with the best of them. But there was something about this particular lady, the way she kept shooting me glances that gave me instant wood. Her fingers on the keys did something else to me. I wanted to feel her hands on my cock.



VARIATIONS

▷ MAY/DECEMBER AFFAIRS



“WHO WAS THIS WOMAN? SHE HAD A FILTHY MOUTH, BUT SUCH A PRISTINE FACE.”

I only had the one drink, and then I left. To my surprise and total elation, my cell phone rang when I was hardly out the door.

“Wait up.”

I waited.

She exited the bar right after me, and she didn’t say a word. She grabbed me by the hand and pulled me with her to the

alley behind the place. Then it was on. She pressed her lean body to mine, so I could feel the warmth of her, the swell of her breasts against my chest, the way her hips moved as she kissed me.

It was like being kissed by her entire body.

I could feel the cold bricks of the wall behind me, which just made her seem all the hotter. She was the one to pop the buttons on my fly, to reach her hand in and tug my dick out into the cool air. She jacked me up and down, and I groaned and told her she was magic. Pure magic.

Then she pulled up her short skirt, revealing thigh-highs but no panties, and she had us switch positions, with her facing the building, her palms on the wall. I knew what she wanted. I anchored her with my hands on her slim waist, and I introduced her to my cock. I didn’t even know her name, but my dick knew what the inside of her pussy felt like.

We fit together like long-lost puzzle pieces. My parts interlocked with hers, and then her sweet love juices greased our ride.

She said, “As soon as I saw you, I wanted your cock.”

Who was this woman? She had such a filthy mouth, but such a pristine face. I loved the way she said the word “cock,” the way she was willing to have me do her in the raw night air.

Then she took things to a new level.

“Let’s go to my place,” she said. “I’ve got toys there. I can tie you down, whip you hard, make you beg. Would you like that?”

“Yes,” I told her. “Yes, please.”

“Prove it,” she demanded.

I wanted to. But how?

She took off her boots and then her stockings. She slipped her footwear back on and handed me the thigh-highs.

“Put these on.”

I looked at her, perplexed. She shimmied her skirt back into place, crossed her arms and waited. Shocked into submission, I took off my own shoes, then my jeans. While she watched, I put her stockings on. The fabric stretched around my thicker legs, but the sensation of wearing her lingerie was an even greater turn-on than fucking her had been.

I put my jeans back on, then the shoes, and then I waited.

“Good boy,” she said, stroking my hair. “I’ll take you home with me. What a night we’ll have.”

She was right. Best night of my life.

That sultry, slutty musician played me all night long.

—G.W., Albuquerque, New Mexico

Have you had a sexy older lover who showed you the ropes? Or are you a cougar on the prowl with a tale to tell? Either way, we want to hear about it! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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PRETTY PONIES

MARK GIVES HIS LITTLE FILLIES FREE REIN TO PLAY—
UNTIL HE'S READY TO RIDE!











WAYWARD TRAVELER

A gorgeous redhead with an insatiable sex drive takes a young desk clerk for the ride of his life.

By Gavin Campanella

The motel where I work sits on a stretch of interstate highway out west, between nothing and nowhere. Our customers—bleary-eyed road warriors who stumble in after a stupefying day behind the wheel—just want to sleep for a few hours before resuming their journey. I'm the lucky guy who works the night shift at the front desk. I know that sounds sarcastic, but the truth is my luck really did come in one hot night last July.

It was around 11 p.m., and I was sitting in the air-conditioned stillness, lulled by the faint drone of 75-mile-per-hour traffic on the interstate. I'd have been bored out of my mind if not for the copy of *Penthouse Variations* I was reading. Then came a blast of hot night air as the lobby door swooshed open, followed by the sound of approaching footsteps. I was so engrossed in my magazine that I didn't look up right away. When I did, my glance turned into a double take.

The woman standing before me belonged at a posh Beverly Hills hotel, not a crummy motor inn far from civilization. She looked older than me. The hair falling in lustrous curls about her face was darkly red. Her white sundress showed off her freckled shoulders and an ample amount of creamy cleavage. She smelled good, like she'd blown in on a fresh spring breeze from another world.

"Hi." She propped her elbows on the counter and leaned forward. "I'd like a room, please."

I tried to collect my wits. "Sure. Uh, fill this out." I slid the reservation form across the counter. Her eyes—sea-green irises rimmed with gold—lingered on me. Then she happened to glance down. Her eyes flicked back to my face almost at once, but now they twinkled mischievously. She'd

seen what I was reading.

"Do you have a pen?" she asked, her smile growing more interesting by the minute. I handed her one. She tucked a strand of crimson hair behind her diamond-studded ear and put pen to paper with a quick, careless air. Thirty seconds later she handed the reservation form back to me, along with her credit card and driver's license.

**"SHE SPEARED
HERSELF ON MY
LENGTHY ROD.
SHE WAS SOPPING
WET INSIDE."**

Her name was Anna, and she was a long way from home. She'd listed her car as an Aston Martin convertible. Yeah, right, I thought. No one who drove an Aston Martin would be caught dead in a joint like this. Well, if she wanted to have a little fun with the details that was okay with me. I coded a key card and handed it over. As she took the key, Anna flashed me her hottest smile yet.

"P-park around the side," I stammered. "Your room's on the second floor."

Anna chuckled. "What's your name?"

"Gavin."

"Nice to meet you, Gavin."

With a parting wink, she headed for the door. I stood there admiring her perky ass and her sexy legs, which were bare to mid-

thigh. Another blast of hot desert air hit me as the door opened. Then Anna was gone.

Feeling light-headed, I turned back to my magazine. I had a hard-on that wouldn't quit, and I was considering a retreat to the back office to relieve my condition when the phone rang. It was my most recent check-in calling.

"How can I help you, Ms.—?"

"Oh, I love the sound of that, Gavin.

You're the first one to say it in five years. But call me Anna. Have you got any glassware? I'd rather not drink champagne from a plastic cup."

"Sure...Anna. We have glasses in the breakfast room. I'll bring one over."

"Bring two," she said. "Thanks, Gavin."

I hung up the phone and put the Will Return Shortly sign on the counter. Then I got the glasses and headed for Anna's room.

It was still quite warm outside, despite the hour. "Come in," Anna called when I knocked on her door. Inside, the ancient air conditioner rattled away, to minimal effect. The shag carpeting and low ceiling screamed 1970s. The scene was all pretty shabby.

"Here are your glasses," I called out, letting the door close behind me. Anna's suitcase was in the corner, but she herself was not in sight. Light spilled from the doorway to the small bathroom. I peeked in and there she was, in the tub, with bubbles up to her slender neck.

"Wonderful," Anna said, beaming at me. "There's the champagne. Have a glass with me."

I thought about the front desk, unattended. I thought about what my boss would say. Then I grabbed the bottle from the ice bucket, popped the cork and filled both glasses. Handing one to Anna, I asked, "What are we celebrating?"



As she lifted her arm from the suds to take her glass, a goodly portion of her right breast came into view. "My divorce," she replied. "I finally got the papers this morning." She took a sip of bubbly and went on, "Michael's a good man, but we were never right for each other. He let me have the Aston Martin. I put the pedal to the metal and haven't looked back."

So she hadn't been joking about the car. I had other things to think about, though, because Anna was rising from the bathwater like Aphrodite from the sea. She paused to down the rest of her champagne and then handed the empty glass to me. Clinging bubbles hid her private parts, but not for long; Anna slid her hands over her shiny-wet body, wiping the suds off. Truly nude now, she stepped out of the tub with brazen assurance. My cock was already as hard as wood, on its way to forged steel.

"Towel, please?" Anna said.

I grabbed one for her. She used it on her hair, taking her time. Handing it back to me, she turned and said, "Dry my back?"

I put my glass down, took a deep breath and started at her shoulders. I was about halfway to the enticing swell of her ass when she whirled around to face me. Startled, I dropped the towel. Her breasts were large yet surprisingly buoyant; her nipples stiffened as they brushed against my hands. Anna stepped closer, pressing herself against me from hip to chest. When she lifted her pretty mouth for a kiss, I was ready. Circling her waist with my arm, I pressed my lips to hers. She sucked my lower lip into her mouth; our tongues danced madly.

"It's incredible," I said. "To think I met

you only an hour ago."

"Less than that," Anna said, "but who's counting? I never count, Gavin. I just follow my desires."

She darted out of the bathroom and threw herself across the bed. I followed while tugging my polo shirt off—and then stopped, transfixed. Anna reclined on the bed in all her naked glory, with her still-damp hair fanned out across a mound of white pillows. Her breasts were like mouth-watering cones of vanilla ice cream, complete with cherries on top. Her midriff was toned and slim, and her long legs were carelessly splayed, revealing the smooth lips of her pussy. My gaze was arrested by Anna's artfully groomed pubic mound. It was diamond-shaped and close cropped—like a putting green—but most striking of all was its fiery red color. The effect against her alabaster skin was striking.

I dropped my shirt on the floor and got on the bed, straddling Anna. We kissed again, passionately, while her hands raked my back and mine played with her boobs. She was breathing heavily by the time I moved downward to kiss her breasts. She arched her back off the bed, and I licked and sucked her nipples, making her gasp. I slid one hand down along her side to stroke her hip, while I used the other to massage her breasts. Anna began to make soft, deep-rooted sounds of pleasure; her whole body thrummed beneath me like a finely tuned racing engine.

After petting and suckling at her exquisite breasts a while longer, I revved her up even more by continuing down her belly to between her legs. She reached for my head with a kind of primal moan,

anticipating my next move. I lowered my face between her creamy thighs, and my nostrils filled with the heady scent of her arousal. Anna's skin, dewy-fresh from the bath, was as smooth as a rose leaf. I wished I'd taken more care with my shave that morning, because it seemed a crime to rub my stubbly face against the incredible softness of her inner thighs. She craved it, though; with a shudder of desire she drew me in farther, to her most sensitive flesh. I kissed her smooth pussy lips and pushed my tongue between them, exploring her juicy folds. With a sound like the coo of a dove, Anna coiled her fingers in my hair and held me aggressively to her hot spot. I parted her outer lips with two fingers and lapped away, paying special attention to her clit. Before I knew it, she was squirming wildly and bucking against my face. I sealed my mouth to her opening and kept at it, relishing the taste and succulence of her inner recesses.

"Jesus, Gavin. Oh yeah, baby," cried Anna, as her pussy moistened my lips and chin with its sweet honey. Her thighs clamped to my ears, and she shook mightily with the force of her climax. When at last she released me, it was only to get at the zipper of my pants and yank it down. My cock was aching by then, of course, so I got my shoes, pants and underwear off in record time.

Anna turned herself over on hands and knees and looked back at me, inviting me to mount her from the rear. As I moved to get in position, she dropped her shoulders all the way to the mattress, leaving her backside high in the air. The impatient girl rocked back at me. "Come on, Gavin," she intoned, her face turned sideways on the

VARIATIONS

▷ BOOK EXCERPT

pillow. "Put your dick in me. I want to feel you deep inside."

Kneeling behind Anna's sexy ass, I took firm hold of her hips, nuzzled my cockhead between her swollen cunt lips, and pushed inside. The warm, creamy depths of her pussy almost made me swoon.

Anna was completely focused on the feeling of my heavy pole as it filled her up. When I bottomed out, she gave a long, pleasurable sigh and slowly, rhythmically, began to rock against me. I stroked the sides of her ass and moved with her. As we bumped together, I had the added visual treat of seeing my fat shaft disappear into and reappear from Anna's juicy hole again and again. I saw her fingers down there, too, as Anna reached back and started playing with her clit from below. Pounding her faster, I slapped her ass a couple of times, hard enough to leave a momentary pink outline of my hand on her white skin. "Oh!" she cried, rocking ever more violently to meet my thrusts. Her fingers were working furiously at her clit, and I was slamming my cock in and out of her cunt sharply enough to make the bed bang against the wall. With a long, high-pitched squeal, she came like a hellcat. I felt the gush of her molten pussy all along the length of my cock. Even my ball sac dampened as it slapped against her slick labia. She kept right on fucking me, frenetically seesawing on her elbows and knees to draw out our mutual pleasure as long as possible. She was on a mission to extract the cream from my balls, and she soon succeeded. With a mighty grunt, I pushed up against her one last time, pulled out and deposited my load all over her ass. The spurts kept coming and coming, until finally I sat back, panting. Anna whirled around and, fixing me briefly with a wicked grin, licked my cock clean.

I flopped back on the bed. Anna went into the bathroom for a minute, then came back, turned off the lights and lay down beside me. Eventually, her slow, even breathing told me she was asleep, and I dozed off, too. I had a really nice dream

of a beautiful redhead going down on me, worshipping my cock with her eager mouth. The sense of her soft lips and velvety tongue sliding up and down my manhood was so deliciously real that I woke up with a start, and discovered I wasn't dreaming.

I don't know how long we'd been asleep—a couple of hours, maybe—but the room was still dark, except for a narrow shaft of moonlight coming through the curtains. The bluish-white beam fell across the bed and gleamed in Anna's hair as she bobbed up and down, hungrily sucking my dick. I was pretty hard already, and when I looked down at

"I JACKED MY HIPS OFF THE BED AND CLIMAXED, SHOOTING HOT CREAM INTO ANNA'S ASS."

the awesome sight of Anna's rapacious antics, my erection quickly maxed out. Realizing that I'd awakened, she glanced up and met my gaze. Her mouth was sloppy, and her eyes gleamed with desire. She licked her lips and went back to work on my cock with even more glee than before. I smiled to myself in the dark, marveling at Anna's insatiable lust.

My cock throbbed as she swirled her tongue around and around my sensitive crown. Meanwhile, her hand played with my balls, expertly massaging them in a way that made me moan. Spurred on by my reaction, she ran her tongue down there and thoroughly laved my balls while she pumped her hand up and down my prick. Then she moved even lower. My

eyes widened as she tongued my back hole and dipped a finger in there. Waves of pleasure rolled through me; I was in the hands of a master. Returning once more to my cock, Anna sucked my sensitive organ so ardently that I'd have shot my load down her throat in another minute. She realized this, too, and decided to change things up, anxious to keep me on the edge a while longer.

Shooting me a wonderfully devilish look, Anna climbed on top of me and squatted over my shaft. Her hand went down past her russet pubes, and her fingers splayed the folds of her pussy as she centered herself over my cock's portly crest. Then, with a quivering sound of anticipation, she lowered her body and speared herself on my lengthy rod. She was sopping wet inside. As her pale, lithe frame settled against my groin, her eyes fluttered closed; she seemed momentarily overcome by the depth of pleasure she was experiencing. Her fingers were still in motion, touching herself near where my cock disappeared inside her before she brought all of her weight to bear against me. She was trembling with excitement, and she pivoted her hips this way and that, rubbing her clit against my root. Finally, her eyes opened; she gave me a sly look and brought her hand to my lips, giving me a taste of her wetness. I sucked her fingers into my mouth, making her grin with salacious delight.

The shaft of moonlight from the window fell now across Anna's breasts. I reached out and stroked those ivory mounds, drawing a moan of delight from my companion when I fingered her erect nipples. I let my touch wander down her sides to her supple, curving hips. Reaching back farther, I squeezed her ass.

Anna began to move like a piston atop my cock. She rose, fell, rose, and fell again, her hips and thighs flexing as she rode my pole. The mattress springs began to squeak as her pace increased. Leaning forward over me, she took my hands in hers and held them to the bed on either



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side of my head. "Relax," she purred, "and let me fuck you."

I was happy to comply, at least for the moment. Lying still beneath Anna, I relished her enthusiasm as she rutted and rocked with my steel-hard cock inside her. I could not, however, resist the temptation to lick her heavenly boobs, given their immediate proximity to my mouth. My efforts made Anna even wilder. She rode my penis with an abandon that took my breath away. I thrust my cock into her from below, wondering how much longer I could hold out.

Then—in the darkness I couldn't see this well, but I certainly felt it—Anna lifted off me for the briefest of moments, just enough to reach down and replant my spike at her smaller, tighter hole. It was a surprisingly minute adjustment, and Anna performed it with well-practiced finesse,

but I could feel the change at once—the tight yet elastic grip of her backdoor as it yielded to the entrance of my juice-slickened cock. In just a few seconds, my crown was through her ring of muscle and into the enveloping space beyond.

"Oh...oh yeah," Anna whispered as she sank down, taking my slippery dick farther into her ass. "Oh my God—yes..." She bottomed out, her asscheeks nestling against my balls. It was the most incredible feeling to be all the way in there, filling up her rear passage. Once acclimated, Anna resumed her lusty pace, only now she sat up straight and rode me with her hands on her thighs. Her firm breasts bounced only a little, but her hair flew in every direction and her cries of passion filled the room. It wasn't long before I reached the point of no return. With a throaty cry of my own, I jacked my

hips off the bed and climaxed, shooting gobs of hot cream into Anna's ass. I guess my violent orgasm tripped Anna's hot-wire, too. She sat down hard and ground herself against me, shuddering and moaning uncontrollably. Her anus clenched, and I felt her pussy drench everything below it in sticky wetness.

After catching our breath, we enjoyed a quick shower together, and then we returned to the bed and slept deeply. At least I did—deeply enough to miss Anna's departure. It was well past dawn when I woke up. Anna and her suitcase were gone, but she'd left me a note: Thanks for an unforgettable start to the rest of my life. I smiled and silently wished her safe travels.

From Penthouse Variations on Anal (Cleis Press) on sale now at your favorite bookstore and Amazon.com. ☪



THE ORGY DORM

A pair of professors studies the mating habits of a randy crowd of college students.

By Mick Robbins

Leona made me feel very welcome as I moved into my office on the new campus. It was my first prestigious teaching gig, with a good salary and a chance at tenure. I didn't want to do anything to blow this opportunity.

But Leona was a hell of a distraction—a sociology professor with a smoking mid-30s figure she didn't try to hide, long black hair and smoldering eyes. She had dropped in to help me unpack. Her manner was mischievous and flirty, but I didn't think starting an interdepartmental romance (or whatever) on my first day was a good idea. So I was polite but cool.

It wasn't easy. She had come in from a run on the track, with her gym wear sweaty and tight on that fine body. Every time she bent down for a box or reached up to my shelves, my cock gave a needy surge. Her ripe backside was shapely, her tits firm and high.

"Hey! What's this?" She lifted an old, faded notebook out of a cardboard box.

This time it was my heart that surged—with sudden terror. Oh shit! That notebook was supposed to go to my lodgings.

I didn't lunge across the office for it. Instead I went very still and said in a tense voice, "Please put that down, Leona. It's very personal."

She'd been about to open it, but the teasing expression vanished from her attractive face. "Oh. Okay, Mick." She set the worn notebook down.

I liked her for that, very much.

Over the next weeks, as I settled into the campus routine, Leona and I saw each other socially quite a bit. On our first official date, the sparks flew nicely. When things became physical between us, she surpassed my expectations. Her naked

body was a wiry instrument, calibrated for maximum pleasure. I liked the taste of her on my tongue and how her pussy grasped my cock while she writhed on top of me.

But she had brushed against my one true secret. And part of me longed to share it with her in full.

About a month later, after we'd finished a wild fuck session in my room, I reached into my nightstand and took out the old notebook, ready to make my confession.

**"I ADMIRERD THAT
YOUNG BARED
SKIN. I COULD
SEE THEM, BUT
THEY COULDN'T
SEE ME."**

"Leona, I want to share something with you. But I'm nervous about it"

In a post-sex stupor, she was still slick with perspiration. Her lovely tits glistened as she sat up on the rumpled bed. "You can tell me anything, Mick."

I really hoped that was true. Biting my lip, I said, "This notebook is from when I was a college student. I used to like to do...certain things."

She touched my cheek gently. "Like what?"

I took the leap. I handed her the notebook. She opened it carefully and started reading. I'd filled the pages with dense writing. Her eyes moved quickly.

Finally, she looked up. "You did all

this?" she asked, her voice hoarse. "You saw all this?"

She might go storming right out, I knew. Might even report me to the dean. "Yes," I said, bracing for her reaction.

"That's so fucking hot!" She grinned with devilish glee. She flipped through more pages, and her eyes lit up. She pointed to a section. "You really watched this dude fuck four different women in one night?"

I had written it down in detail. I remembered that night vividly, the memory sending a ripple of excitement through me.

"I should explain," I said. "In school I had a tiny off-campus apartment, way at the top of this tall building. It had windows all around, and, well...I could see down into all these other homes. At first I didn't look. I was ashamed to. But one night this guy left his drapes open while he was having sex with a woman. And I watched it. The whole thing. He ate her pussy. She sucked his cock. She rode on top of him. He fucked her from behind. When he pulled out and sprayed his load across her back, I...I..."

"You came, too," Leona said with a shiver. My cockhead rolled across my thigh as my hard-on renewed. Leona's pink nipples stiffened.

"I got a pair of binoculars," I went on. "And then I wrote down everything I saw, every night. It's a wonder I had time for schoolwork."

I had watched my various neighbors and written about their sexual exploits. But I hadn't taken any photographs, so I wasn't really doing anything wrong. That's what I had told myself.

"Some folks like to watch others fuck," Leona said. "Some like to be watched. I'll bet the ones with their curtains open and

lights on wanted someone to see them." She put her hand on my leg and slid it slowly upward. "Read me some of the stories."

I took back the notebook. Over the years I'd looked at the entries again and again, reliving the strange, intense excitement of those nights. Even if those people had wanted someone watching, they hadn't known I was seeing them. I had been completely anonymous, a total stranger. Yet I'd witnessed their most intimate moments.

Turning to a particular page, I read aloud my own words: "The woman is mid-20s, hair short, blonde and wavy. Smiling, she leads the man, a couple years older, into the bedroom. Standing at the foot of the bed, they kiss. She tugs down his zipper and sinks slowly to her knees. His cock springs out. She licks the tip, and he shivers. As she slides her mouth all the way down his shaft, he winds his fingers into her hair and starts thrusting at her face. She takes him all the way. She goes on blowing him for a full minute, then he reaches down and hauls her up. She whips off her clothes, revealing a luscious body, and they embrace together onto the bed, leaving the curtains open..."

Images of that night beat in my head, not just the couple in the fourth-story apartment, but memories of myself in my little room. By then my voyeurism had a routine. I would turn off my lights, take off all my clothes, and crouch at the window with the binoculars. I remembered how my 20-year-old body hummed with lust. My cock throbbed crazily as I watched the two of them fuck. I jerked off to the spectacle, matching my tempo to theirs.

Meanwhile, Leona's hand had traveled up my thigh. She took my slick cock in her fist, sending roils of pleasure through me.

I read to the end of the scene with the blonde and her date, right to the climax where she dug her fingers into his shoulders and writhed on the bed, mouth open as her head flung back and forth. It had always been weird watching those



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**“WITH THE
CLOSE-UP I HAD, I
WATCHED HIM
LICK AND NIBBLE
HER NIPPLES.”**

as I let out a moan. Her head rose. “Don’t stop reading,” she said, then dropped the tight, wet circle of her lips down my shaft again.

It wasn’t easy to concentrate, but I managed. As I recited the heroic exploits of my long-ago neighbor, wondering even now how he had scheduled those four women for that long night, Leona’s talented mouth plunged up and down on me. I could tell she was listening, though. The corners of her mouth curled, and she had slipped two fingers up inside herself.

It ended up being exquisitely timed. While regaling her with the details of the last of the four females, my voice shook and my balls tightened. As my spunk jetted, Leona’s gorgeous body shuddered with her own self-inflicted climax. She kept her mouth on me, swallowing my load.

When the room stopped spinning, I set aside the notebook, having shared its secrets at long last. I felt great contentment, realizing how lucky I’d gotten when Leona had entered my life.

She nuzzled up next to me. I was nearly drifting off when she murmured against my throat, “It’s so exciting watching other people fuck. You want to go watching tomorrow night?”

Her words jolted me wide awake. When I looked at Leona, she was grinning her devilish grin and promised to give me all of the details the following evening.

“The orgy dorm?” I asked the next day

strangers fuck without being able to hear anything. But that, somehow, had only added to the erotic mystery of it all.

Leona wanted to hear more, and I was eager to share. I’d taken a big risk with her, but it was paying off beautifully. Too long I had kept all this to myself.

I shared another tale: “The hot older lesbian in the fifth floor place on Carlton Ave. left her blinds up in her bedroom, so I knew something was up. She brings in two girls at midnight, both dressed in lingerie. The older woman has a gym-cut body and a spiky crewcut. I watch as she seems to order about the other two, who are younger and kind of dainty-looking. The two climb onto the bed and kiss and feel each other up. The crewcut woman stands naked. At one point she picks up a leather paddle and has the two kneel side

by side at the foot of the bed. Then she swats their bare asses, trading off. She fingers herself while she’s doing it...”

That scene had blown my overheated mind that night. I recalled shooting my load all over myself, then raising the shaky binoculars to look some more. By the time the older woman had joined the two on the bed, I was jerking my rejuvenated cock again.

Just like Leona was expertly pulling on my rod right now. “Read more,” she panted.

I read aloud the entry she’d noted earlier, about the stud with the silk sheets who had fucked four women, one after the other, in a single night. As I began, Leona shifted on my bed and closed her mouth around my throbbing cock.

The notebook slipped out of my hands

with understandable incredulity.

"Yes!" Leona said, closing the door of the little utility room. She took my hand and led me to the window. We were high up in one of the administration buildings. She didn't turn on the lights, but she knelt and quickly set up a tripod telescope. It was aimed at a nearby dorm building.

Whatever else, I knew, this was a risky undertaking. Leona was proposing that we two faculty members spy on the sexual doings of students. It was more than enough to get us fired. We would probably be banned from teaching for life if we got caught.

But she'd told me some of what she'd seen in the "orgy dorm" on past occasions, and it had awakened the old heat in me. Obviously I'd never forgotten about my young voyeuristic adventures, but I'd never guessed I would have the chance to experience something similar again—with an eager partner.

"Take a look," she said in a breathy voice, indicating the telescope.

With a quiver of excitement, I looked through the eyepiece. No drapes covered the broad window. The magnification was extreme. It was like I was in the room. The space was a typical student dorm, only unoccupied. I noticed that the two standard beds were pushed together, though.

"It's an empty room," I said.

"It won't stay that way. Just wait."

I remembered then that vigilance had always been a part of the fun. Some nights, back in school, I would sit for hours and watch the various exposed windows through my binoculars. Sometimes there'd be a little teasing movement, then nothing. My excitement would build anyway, a sweet carnal tension that begged for release. When I eventually did see some flesh, it was an incredibly powerful sight.

"There!" Leona said. She squeezed my shoulder.

A male and female student had entered the room. I didn't recognize either. She had hair as long as Leona's, only a lighter

color. He had a trim physique and a dusting of stubble on his cheeks. They started stripping immediately. My cock responded automatically. I admired that young bared skin, those toned bodies. I could see them, but they couldn't see me. They didn't even know I was watching!

The old excitement, like an ancient curse or blessing, came fully alive in me.

As the students tumbled across the two beds together, Leona pressed in hard behind me. I felt her pillowy tits against my back. She leaned on my shoulder, looking through a pair of binoculars. Her hand came around and groped my chest.

The bearded guy kissed his way down to the young woman's breasts. With the close-up I had, I watched him lick and nibble her nipples. He left a trail of kisses down her taut belly as he squirmed between her thighs. I zeroed in on his tongue as he stabbed it into her pussy.

Her backbone undulated, and she seized him by the hair and started humping hard against his face.

"Yeah, yeah, eat that sweet cunt!" Leona murmured by my ear.

It made me remember muttering similar obscenities while I watched my entertaining neighbors, years ago. Leona's hand wandered downward, closing over my crotch.

I watched the soundless display through the telescope. The woman's mouth opened as she must have cried out. The guy rose from between her legs, the lower half of his face glistening with pussy juice. He had a healthy hard-on. She pulled him up onto her, and he plunged that cock straight into her pussy.

"Fuck her, fuck her hard!" Leona's hot breath was on my earlobe. She undid my fly and pulled out my pulsing cock. I reached back and fingered her through



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her jeans. With a quick move, she dropped them and kicked them away. Still watching the young lovers, I jammed two fingers up into her dripping cleft.

The guy was pounding the woman's pussy over there. I could see her firm body ripple with every impact. Leona was jerking my cock deftly. She was grinding down on my intruding fingers. From the look of things, I figured we'd all be getting off at the same time—watchers and watchees alike.

**“SHE PULLED HIM
UP ONTO HER,
AND HE PLUNGED
THAT COCK
STRAIGHT INTO
HER PUSSY.”**

Then the door opened, and another couple walked into the dorm room.

“Oh, shit!” I said, expecting the two sprawled on the mattresses to jump up and cover themselves. Instead, to my absolute amazement, they just sort of scooted aside to make space without breaking their erotic rhythm. The two who'd entered—a jock type and a woman with hair braided into cornrows—quickly undressed and hopped onto the cleared area on the beds. They kissed and fondled each other, evidently completely unselfconscious about the other pair.

With my fingers still moving inside Leona, I looked up from the eyepiece, bewildered. “What the fuck?”

“I said, didn't I? The orgy dorm.”

“I thought it was a joke!”

“No,” Leona said, continuing to work my cock with her hand. “These students are in their sexual prime. Why not give them someplace to go, to experiment? We keep that one dorm empty, and the students take advantage of it.”

I wondered who “we” were, and how

many other faculty visited this little utility room with the handy telescope. Someone in the school administration had to have set this up. I wondered, too, how many of the visitors to the orgy dorm understood the significance of the absent drapes. Maybe, though, that was part of the experimental sexual fun for them.

Returning my attention to the scope, I saw the jock getting his cock sucked by his partner. Meanwhile, the original two appeared to be speeding toward their mutual climax. The girl's arms were flailing, and the guy was bucking like a bronco. A few seconds later, they lay limp together.

As the first pair rose from the two pushed-together beds to leave, the door opened again. This time, two women and one man came in.

“I've seen this hot fucking stud before!” Leona said. “Watch what he does with his two playmates.”

I watched, mesmerized. The threesome got naked quick, then the two females settled into what looked like a very practiced 69, with the blonde one on top and the brunette eating her friend's pussy from beneath. The studly male, with a ripped bod and a tattoo on his shoulder, knelt behind the blonde's ass.

I had a nice angle on the proceedings. My heart pounded as I watched him slip his cock into the blonde's well-tongued pussy, then after a minute he pulled out and offered his gleaming cock to the brunette on the bottom. She enthusiastically cleaned him off with her mouth. Then he plunged back into the blonde. After a bit, he got up, went around to the other side, and fucked the brunette's pussy, with an occasional pause so the blonde could suck the cream off his rod.

In the meantime, the jock and the cornrowed woman were lying on their sides, her facing away and him plowing her from behind. He was squeezing her delectable tits, and the wild grin on her face told me she was loving it.

Leona's thighs suddenly clamped tightly





on my fingers. Keeping the binoculars to her eyes, she quaked with a fierce climax. She cried out softly in my ear as pleasure shook her. My clothes felt stifling. She helped me out of them. We resumed our studies, totally nude.

This time Leona stepped out in front of me, bracing one hand on the window. I moved in behind her and drove my needy cock up into her wet, waiting passage. I gasped as her slick walls grasped me. I could still get to the eyepiece.

There hadn't been anything like an orgy dorm when I was in school. (Or if there had been, nobody told me about it.) But I didn't begrudge these younger people their carnal merriment and erotic searchings. It was a good age to try out new stuff. Maybe communal sex was a perfectly healthy expression of their robust appetites.

At any rate I saw only happy faces over there. Features stretched with frenzied grins, mouths open on—no doubt—loud moaning. When the women broke up their 69, they knelt side by side while

their male partner gave his cock a final jerk and unloaded on their faces. Each greedily licked his juice off the other's chin and cheeks.

After that, a skinny goth guy came in with a curvaceous woman who proceeded to ride him like a rodeo star. When two more couples entered the room at the same time, one pair chose the wall, imitating the upright, fuck-from-behind pose Leona and I had adopted. The other new couple found themselves becoming entangled with the jock and the cornrowed girl. The women swapped partners, then swapped back. Yet another batch of horny students showed up, and the scene became a madhouse, a free-for-all. I had never seen anything so beautiful in my life.

Images burst in my skull. My soul roiled with the fleshy scenes. Leona, with the binoculars still pressed to her eyes, continued her obscene narration.

I fucked her from behind. Fucked her hard. A great glorious vertigo swept through me. My pleasure centers were overloaded. I should have come several

minutes ago, but I'd reached some sort of crazy carnal plateau, where the intensity of the joy was too potent to release me into final orgasm.

But my whole body was jerking and spasming now. Muscles jumped all along my body. I hammered my cock into Leona who, I realized, was now narrating our fuck scene. "Yeah, yeah, pound my pussy. Come in my pussy!"

A huge shivering eruption occurred at the depths of my being. The bliss seized me and wrenched me, and at last my spunk was jetting out in hot, mighty bursts. Somehow I contrived to keep my eye to the scope, and those flesh-pit spectacles across the way seared themselves into my mind for all time. Leona's climactic cry echoed off the window glass.

I staggered back and had to sit on the floor. She came to me and folded her arms around me. She kissed me tenderly, and I knew we were in this together, forever.

With a hoarse little chuckle I said, "Now I've seen everything." And she laughed with gusto. ☪

VIRGIN TERRITORY

When I was out at my fire pit one night, drinking a cold glass of Chardonnay and thinking about my next work project, I mindlessly eavesdropped on the people in my neighbors' yard. Someone yelled, "Virgin!" and my ears perked right up. All thoughts of the ad campaign I was working on fled. I tried not to be obvious as I poured myself a little more wine and leaned toward the fence that separated our yards.

My neighbors' son, Josh, was home from college. It was his voice I heard growl in response, "Jesus, Bob, say it a bit louder."

"But girls hang all over you." Bob laughed. "And you've never tapped any of that. I mean, seriously?"

I imagined Josh, who'd always been a cute, sweet, polite kid, blushing in the darkness.

"Never liked any of them enough."

"Who says you have to like them?"

"I do, asshole." I smiled at the edge in Josh's voice. He sounded pissed.

The other guy groaned, and then someone else said, "Leave him alone."

I shot a look toward their yard and spotted three figures. The third person was female. All of their faces were lit with the glow of their fire pit. I'm sure mine was that way, too. Clearly, I wasn't invisible over here, and yet they rambled on about sex and college and drinking.

I sipped my wine and pretended I hadn't heard a word. But I shifted in my seat more than once because my plan was to ask Josh for some help the next day. I had a thing for virgins, and if they were sweet, cute, and had a mind of their own—even better. Josh had known me for years. That would be in my favor or not. Only time would tell.

When I went to bed that night, I pushed my hands into my panties and pictured his pretty, young face. His light blond hair and dark brown eyes and the cut of his broad shoulders. Josh was a swimmer, and it showed in his gait and his build. His mother had never failed to regale me with tales of his accomplishments, meets and awards.

I was always more than willing to listen.

I stroked my clit and raised my hips,

wondering what that mouth would feel like on my pussy. Wondering what kind of stamina a 21-year-old boy possessed these days. Most likely, it hadn't changed from when I was 21. These days, virgins are usually a bit younger, but I was thrilled to know that this one was legal to drink and still hadn't buried his cock in a pussy.

I was hoping to be his first.

With those thoughts in my head and my hand in my panties, I came hard and fast before rolling over and going to sleep. The last thing on my mind was what excuse I could come up with to get him into my house the next day.

That was easy enough to think up over my morning coffee. I had a chore I'd wanted to do for a while but hadn't because it was a two-person job. Since my husband and I had divorced, I'd learned how to do lots of things, including how to vacuum out the dryer vent. It was moving the dryer that was an issue for me.

I made sure my nipples were visible through my sheer tunic—but not too much. Just a hint. Just enough to imply that I had no idea they could be seen. I was 15 years Josh's senior and wondered if he liked older women or not. There was no way to know but to try.

I knocked on the neighbors' door and held my breath. Josh answered and stood there looking slightly sleep-stunned and disheveled and utterly adorable.

"Oh, Josh, hi! Is your dad home?"

I knew damn well he wasn't. I knew for a fact that both of his parents were at work.

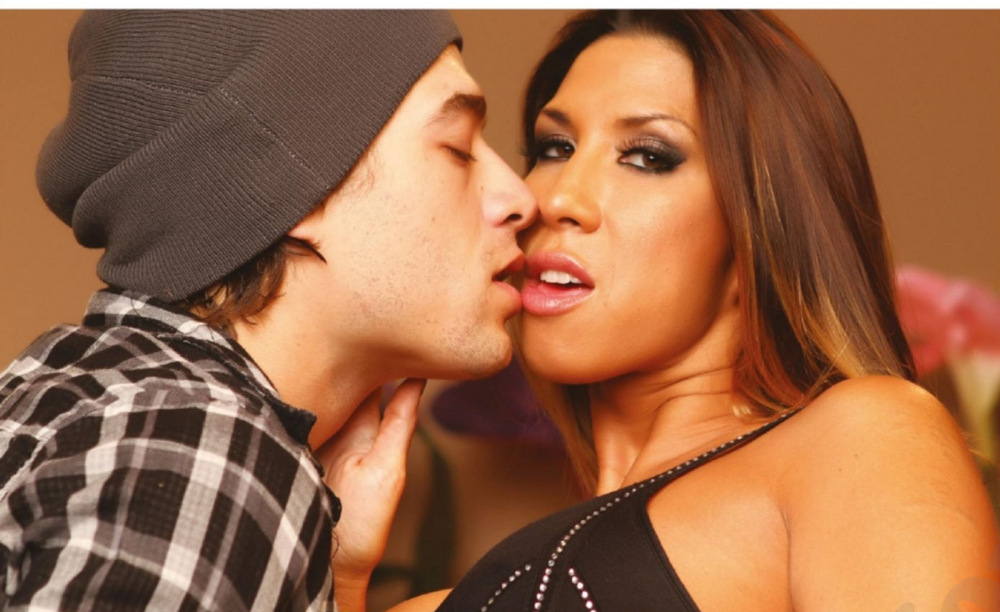
"No. He's at the office."

"Ah," I said, making sure to put on my best disappointed expression. "Thanks. I can try him later."

"Everything okay?"

"I just need to move my dryer and clean the vent. I don't want a fire. I get a little paranoid about it." I laughed. "He usually helps me. It's a big one and too much for just me to move."

He grinned. "I can help. Give me a



**“HE GATHERED UP
MY MOISTURE,
AND THEN HE
RUBBED MY CLIT
WITH HIS SLICK
FINGERS.”**

minute to get dressed, and I'll come over.”

I nodded, barely managing to keep myself from grinning.

I saw his eyes skim the front of my tunic and knew he could see my nipples. His gaze made them pebble, and a rush of wetness escaped my pussy to flood the crotch of my panties.

“I'll be right there.”

My hope was that, after knowing me for years and years, he liked me enough to give me his virginity. I'd hold on to my hope as long as I could.

In my house, I paced as I waited for him to show. I was nervous, and I was horny, and I really wanted to manage not to tackle him when he walked in the door.

He knocked, and I jumped. A laugh slipped out of me, and I covered my mouth. A fresh escape of honey flowed from my cunt, and I had to take a deep breath to keep myself steady.

“Hi, thanks so much for helping me.” I barely gave him enough room to push past me. So when he did, his chest brushed my breasts. I saw some color flood his cheeks, and I was pleased.

In the laundry room, we levered the tall dryer away from the wall. I'd gone crazy after my divorce, getting a wonderful—nearly industrial—washer and dryer.

Now came the important part. I smiled at him and said, “I'll crawl back there. It's a tight fit.”

I moved slowly, making sure to swing

my ass as I went. I heard a small, sharp intake of air on his part, and I smiled.

“Can you hand me the screwdriver?”

He did, and I unscrewed the coupling for the vent.

“The vacuum?”

He handed me the vacuum, and I sucked out all the lint I could reach, while he sat on the floor behind me.

I handed the vacuum back. Then screwed the vent on. I stuck my ass high in the air as I worked and made sure to take my own sweet time about it.

When I backed out of the tight area, I faked a moment of instability and sort of plopped into his lap.

“Sorry,” I said. But I wasn't because I could feel his steely erection beneath my ass.

I didn't move to get up but turned my head slightly. “Thank you for your help.”

He nodded; that was it. His eyes strayed to the front of my top again. I could feel how hard my nipples were. He reached up and stroked one with a fingertip through the fabric.



“I shouldn't do that,” he said, but there wasn't any conviction in his voice.

“I disagree,” I whispered. “I like it.”

I kissed his jaw and then his chin. His free hand moved up to cup my cheek, and he planted a proper kiss on my lips. After a few beats, he deepened our connection.

I sighed into his mouth and wiggled in his lap. I found his cock with my hand and rubbed it through the denim. “May I?”

“What?” he asked, eyes shut as I stroked him.

“Suck it?”

He sighed, and then nodded. When I moved off his lap to open his jeans, he groaned. I took him in hand at first, stroking him hard but not too fast. Then I moved my mouth down his shaft, making sure to get him extra wet. I sucked his cockhead and then dragged my lips down the side of his cock and tongued his balls.

His hand went into my hair, and he gripped it tight, pushing me down onto his cock. There was just a hint of

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roughness there, and it made my pussy gush. Josh might never have gotten laid, but he certainly had some experience.

I sucked harder and felt his hips drive up so that he could bury himself in my mouth and throat. I whimpered, and he growled.

"I want you to fuck me," I said, pulling my mouth off him. I tongued the tip of his cock, tasting salty-sweet pre-come there. "Will you fuck me?"

He didn't answer me. He simply moved and turned me fast, so I was on my hands and knees. He didn't bother with any

**"I CLENCHED MY
CUNT AROUND HIS
DRIVING COCK AS
HARD AS I
COULD."**

foreplay. Why? When he reached into my leggings and pushed his fingers into me, he found me beyond wet. He gathered up my moisture, and then he rubbed my clit with his slick fingers.

I moved against him and let him keep rubbing. My heartbeat was fast, my breath shallow, my head light. I came with a small cry that surprised even me.

I looked over my shoulder at him and smiled. "Do you like me?"

He nodded with a grunt. He had his cock in his hand and his eyes on me. "I've liked you for years. And I've jacked off to this fantasy more fucking times than I can count."

It was news to me—and a bonus. I moaned as he peeled my leggings down and took them off. Then he was moving in close and fast, running the tip of his

cock along my wet slit. He dipped into me, just the tip for a second, and hissed. I pushed back, impaling myself on him. He was watching; I could feel it in my bones. Of course he was. Was there anything hotter than watching a stiff prick slide into a drenched and willing woman?

His fingers pinched the meat of my hips. He surged forward, thrusting hard and fast. I let my body rock with the impact. My hair fell in my eyes, and I clenched my cunt around his driving cock as hard as I could. I found my clit with my finger and started to press and stroke. I wanted my climax to be fast, hard and intense.

I clenched around him again, and he cursed. His rhythm picked up, and he fucked me so hard he inched me across the laundry room floor. My fingers flew on my clit, and I felt my own orgasm rising fast.

He pressed his hand to the small of my back. The action angled me perfectly, so that his cock rubbed my G-spot with every invasion.

"Jesus, fuck me," he growled, gripping my hips tightly.

I almost laughed, but his dick hit that tender spot deep inside me and I climaxed with a loud cry, my pussy milking him.

"Fuck," he said again and came. His body bucked against mine, and I knew I'd have his finger marks on my skin for days.

When he dropped down beside me on the floor, I smiled. "Thanks for helping me today." My joy at having taken his virginity was my secret pleasure.

"Anytime. At all. Sincerely." He grinned. "Just let me know."

—M.K., via email



TWO PLUS ONE

“I don't want to be the third wheel,” I told Josephine emphatically.

“You won't be.” She was doing her eye makeup, lining her big blue eyes with a dramatic kohl pencil. When she added the mascara, she opened her mouth in an “O,” and I thought how sexy she looked. Blake was a lucky man.

“I will, Joey. I've been in situations like this before,” I countered petulantly. I didn't want to be impolite. But my roommate was inviting me out with her guy, and I just knew I'd end up feeling like I was crashing their party. I didn't think I could handle any more rejection. “You know what they say,” I reminded her. “Three can be a crowd.”

“Three can be a lot of things,” she insisted. “Trust me. Blake and I both want you to...come.”

Had she hesitated before delivering that last word? I was sure she had. Then she winked at me and bounced off to her room to finish getting ready, her curls spiraling as she moved. I rolled her words around in my head. She was dating an older man, and he'd invited her to a concert. Something a little more highbrow than she or I was accustomed to. We tended to hear rock bands play at dive bars. He'd invited us to an upscale musical performance. They had a third ticket, she'd explained. He'd bought an extra for me.

I followed her trail of perfume from the bathroom to her bedroom. “Why did Blake buy me a ticket?” I asked. “He hardly knows me.” We'd met, of course, whenever he came to pick up Josephine. He was a handsome man in his early 40s, with black hair going gray at the temples and a well-kept goatee. He favored dark suits with bright ties—a pop of color that made him more interesting than your average-looking businessman.

“I told him that you and Rob had broken up, that you've been staying in all the time ever since.”

I didn't know whether to be angry that she'd shared my relationship woes or excited about being given a reason to dress up. I chose the latter, and while Josephine pattered around in her room, I pulled out a dress I hadn't worn all year. Tight. Black. Slinky. We were going somewhere fancy. Why not play the part?

When Blake picked us up, he offered Josephine one arm and me the other. “I'm so glad you could come with us,” he said. Now his words reverberated in my head. Come with them. They both wanted me to come. I started to feel a little spark of excitement flickering through me. The concert was classical music. I think. I didn't really listen. Because Blake had his hand on my friend's thigh on his right and his hand on my thigh on his left, and I was aglow. This was going to be some kind of a night, I could tell. And I needed some kind of a night.

When the concert ended, there wasn't any question about what was going to happen next. There was only a question of where. To my delight, Blake made the

decision for us. He invited us back to his place “for a nightcap.” I'd never heard the term in real life, only in movies from the 1940s.

We didn't even bother with drinks. As soon as we entered Blake's condo, we were in motion. Joey slid one hand around my waist and pulled me close to her. “You looked so sexy at the concert,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

“You were holding yourself entirely still, like you thought one movement would wreck everything.”

She was right. I had been. In fact, I'd almost held my breath when Blake had first set his hand on my thigh. Nothing so erotically charged had ever happened to me before. We were there at the concert hall, three well-dressed adults taking in Bach or Beethoven—I knew I ought to be able to tell the difference, but I couldn't—and we were touching each other. Well, I was being touched.

Joey was the one touching me now, though. She had her hands on the hem



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of my dress, and she slowly pulled the fabric up, revealing the tops of my stockings and the ribbons of my garters. Blake was right behind her, watching, and he said, "When I stroked your thigh at the show, I almost lost my cool. I was going to drag the two of you out with me, but I didn't want to make a scene."

"Make a scene," I begged. He winked at me, and then he took over from

Joey, pulling my dress off so that I was standing before the two of them in only my lingerie. I was glad I'd chosen my best set, and I felt powerful and sexy with the two of them admiring me. Joey said, "I've been waiting for this for so long," and then she stepped forward and kissed me.

I had no idea she was into something like this. We'd been roommates since college, and the topic of sex had never

come up—not sex between us, that is.

Blake got us on the right track, moving our party into his massive bedroom. I took a moment to look around at the heavy furniture—the overstuffed leather chair in the corner and the massive wood-framed bed in the center. He took off his clothes, then motioned for me to join him on the mattress, and I kicked off my shoes and came into his arms. Joey stripped off her red sheath, so that she was in bra and panties, too. Blake lay down between us, and we kissed above him. If I were totally honest with myself—and why would I not be?—I'd envisioned kissing Joey before. She is such a delicious minx, and we have an easygoing relationship. Every time she'd brushed past me in the hall on her way to the shower, I'd had an inkling of what it would be like to press up against her, to wrap her in my arms. But I'd never thought something like this would actually happen, or that it would happen across Blake's strong chest. He had one hand on my back, and I imagined his other was on Joey. We leaned across him, passionately kissing one another, until we had to part for air.

I sat back on my heels, waiting to see what would happen next. Joey kissed Blake, and then she motioned for me to take a turn. I pressed my lips to his. I could feel his excitement, as if the emotion were coming from him in waves. I liked that. Even though he was two decades my senior, even though he had this distinctly debonair quality, I'd managed—well, we'd managed—to turn him on intensely.

How could I tell for sure?

When I gazed down his body, I saw that his cock was at full mast, standing upright toward the ceiling. Up until now, I'd been looking to the others for my cues on how to behave. But suddenly, I was filled with a desire too intense to hold back. I slid off my panties and climbed astride Blake's dick, lowering my cunt onto his erection. He groaned and

"I FUCKED BLAKE, AND THEN I SLID OFF AND TOLD JOEY TO TAKE UP MY POSITION."

arched, bucking me upward. I giggled and slid right back down. Joey looked at me with wonder. What had happened? I'd been transformed from a mopey roommate to this untamed sexual being.

I fucked Blake until I came, and then I slid off and told Joey to take up my position. It was her turn to ride the ride. Then I kissed Blake while he fucked my friend. There was never a moment when we weren't all connected—three points in a tantalizing triangle. Blake came before Joey did. I felt him stiffen, and I settled back to watch. His eyelids shut and his whole body became one tight wire. Then he climaxed in a series of rough, jerky motions. Joey cried out, but I could tell she hadn't reached her peak. I decided to help her. I pulled her next to me and used my fingertips on her swollen clit. She didn't argue, didn't tell me to stop. She locked her eyes with mine as I rubbed her button until she came. The whole time, Blake stroked the back of her neck and kissed her shoulders. I could see his dick was slick with a combination of our juices, and that he was almost fully erect again.

Who was going to win his love next?

I maneuvered around so that I was between him and Joey. I positioned her on her stomach and started to rim her cute butt hole. Blake took that as a hint. He parted my own ass cheeks and started to lick my hole, too. I whimpered



and sighed, sliding my hips forward and back. He held on to my waist, anchoring me so he could thrust his tongue in my hole nice and deep. That sent me, and I came, forgoing my task of rimming sweet Joey's rosebud. She allowed me a few moments to regain myself, before she said, "Hold me open so Blake can fuck my asshole. He likes my asshole. Don't you, Blake?"

I did as she asked, first finding their lube and slicking her up quickly. Then parting those cheeks wide, so that Blake would have an easy shot at her bull's-eye. Watching him pierce her was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen. I kept my eyes on his face, seeing the tightness in his jaw as he felt her anal walls contract around him. At least, I guessed that was what he was feeling.

"Me, next," I murmured to him. "Me, next."

As we rotated our way from one position to another, a realization slowly dawned on me. I wasn't a third wheel, wasn't an odd girl out. Two plus one had equaled the most delicious number of all. We were a threeway, a complete unit, plenty loud with each one of us shouting out our bliss—but not in any way, shape or form a crowd.

—T.S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

